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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1970

Today's Theology Speaks to Me
New Life Mission Comes to El Paso
Bolivia's 'In the World' Christian



ck among The Islands of Parson Thomas [page 30]



To Bob on Leaving Home for College

FLEDGLING

*Like an anxious mother bird
I watch him,
Poised on the rim
Of the outgrown nest.*

"Try your wings," I scold. "Fly!"

*And the sound of his wings going
Echoes in the empty caverns
Of my heart.*

—Grace Welton



Riding at anchor in the sunset off Deal Island, one of the "Methodist Islands, USA," this skipjack "oysterman" awaits the crisp days of fall. Then its small crew, composed of descendants of English settlers who came to the island almost 300 years ago, will sail out once again to harvest the seafood bounty of Chesapeake Bay. Just as Joshua Thomas, subject of this month's color pictorial did in the early 1800s. [See *The Islands of Parson Thomas*, pages 30-37.]

TOGETHER AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1970

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New Life Mission

Comes to El Paso



David J. Randolph (left), Board of Evangelism executive, confers with District Superintendents Noe Gonzales and M. Buren Stewart.

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller

IF MAYOR Peter de Wetter was surprised by the church leaders' request for a Monday briefing on the status of his city, he did not show it. But when the group met the next day with El Paso school-district authorities, one education spokesman blurted, "This is the first church group I can remember requesting a chance to talk about the city's school situation."

On Wednesday there was another quiet confrontation with a community group. Six churchmen met with student leaders on the city's University of Texas campus.

"At first the students seemed stunned at church leaders showing any interest in them at all," one participant later reported. "They were sure that we had some 'spiritual' rabbit up our sleeves. When they discovered we were genuinely interested in all their problems, they

were responsive and constructive."

These and other informational meetings were an important phase of last March's New Life Mission, a program conceived and directed by the United Methodist Board of Evangelism. Among the churchmen who met with Mayor de Wetter, the school men, and the students were Board of Evangelism officials, annual-conference leaders, and local pastors.

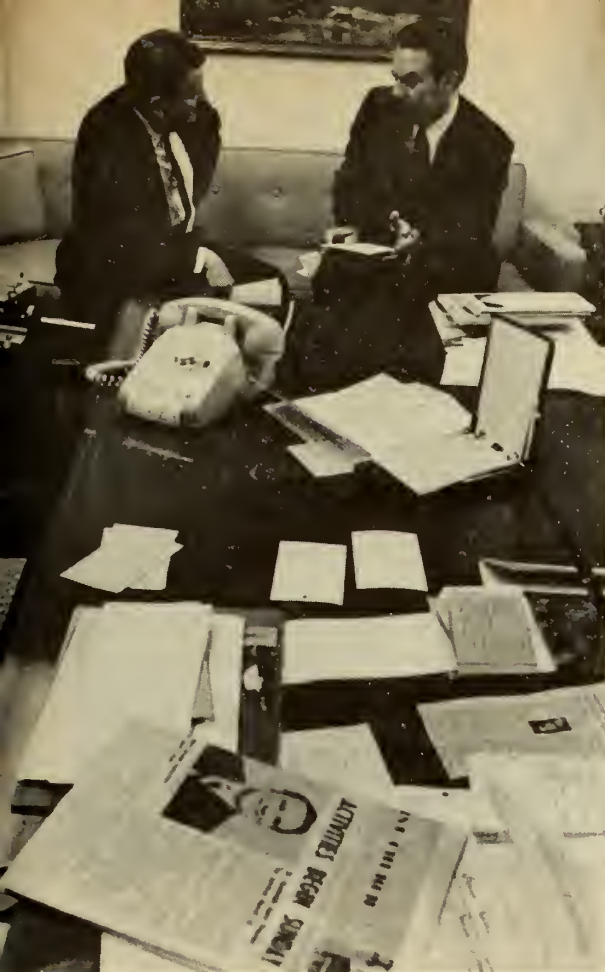
O. Dean Martin, director (and one of 10 Board of Evangelism staffers who participated in the El Paso event), describes the New Life Mission concept as an attempt "to blend the very best of the old outreach concepts with contemporary methodology."

The board's assistant general secretary, Dr. David J. Randolph, calls it a style of evangelism with "theological depth, personal and corporate genuineness, and a social impact."

There are three phases to any New Life Mission: *preparation*—an 8 to 12-week period of advance planning; *proclamation*—a week of daily Bible-study sessions, youth meetings, worship services, and talk-back times; and *penetration*—the ongoing phase when the local congregation re-evaluates its ministry to its neighborhood, setting up study groups, leadership-training sessions, social-action projects—whatever it feels is needed to do a better job of proclaiming Christ to the community.

The New Life Mission planned for El Paso was more far reaching than any the Board of Evangelism yet had attempted. It covered parts of two annual conferences (New Mexico and Rio Grande), and 17 of the city's 22 United Methodist churches—Spanish-speaking, black, and white congregations—participated.

First preparations were made for



Each of the 17 participating churches was assigned a "missioner" to preach, teach, and lead discussion sessions during the week. David Randolph, for example, spoke daily at downtown Trinity Church. Before meeting the congregation for the first time, he informally planned strategy with Brodace Elkins, Trinity's pastor (above left). An important emphasis of the New Life Mission is that every church has a role to perform in its community, Dr. Randolph and other leaders tell El Paso Mayor Peter de Wetters (below).





The mission also emphasized the importance of establishing communication with young people. Missioner Roberto Escamilla spent some time each morning with students of Lydia Patterson Institute, a United Methodist-related school for Spanish-speaking youth, most of whom live across the Rio Grande in Juarez, Mexico.

the mission almost two years ago when the Rev. M. Buren Stewart, superintendent of the El Paso District, New Mexico Conference, and the Rev. Noe Gonzales, superintendent of the Rio Grande Conference's Western District, discussed an evangelistic program for United Methodists.

About the same time at the General Board of Evangelism in Nashville, staff members were putting the finishing touches on what they called the New Life Mission concept, and they were anxious to try it out on a large scale. El Paso seemed ideal for a demonstration program.

O. Dean Martin described groundwork laid by the Board of Evangelism prior to the proclamation week.

"We set up a meeting with district representatives to arrange for format and to structure the program. This was followed by a training school for Mexican-American pastors who would be missionaries to Mexican-American churches. (This was not necessary for the Anglo churches as we already had English-speaking men trained for New Life Mission work.) We held an all-day program

for participating pastors, on what they could expect and how they should prepare. General board personnel also meet with the committee chairmen from each participating church, to instruct them on their key responsibilities for the mission."

The schedule of proclamation week was to be the same for each church, even to the hour. Something of the mood and style of the mission can be seen by observing three missionaries at work.

Trinity's First Day

Dr. David Randolph's assignment is Trinity United Methodist, a 3,400-member congregation in downtown El Paso.

Traffic noises from a nearby expressway punctuate his Sunday-morning remarks to "the mother church" of El Paso Methodism.

"This is going to be a great week," he tells the mostly white, 8:30 and 11 a.m. worshippers. "You're going to find out what it means to be the church in your town in our times."

That evening he meets Trinity's youth. After a light supper and some

guitar-led singing, Dr. Randolph (now just "Dave") introduces himself and passes out index cards.

"We want to structure everything around what you're interested in," he says. "I want you to write down three things: a question you want us to deal with this week, a problem you or your friends have, and something you enjoy doing."

Throughout the week he used the cards to guide discussion subjects. The questions have a familiar ring: Why do some people feel you can only find God in the church? Why are parents so old-fashioned?

The evangelist has brought an old silent film, *The Phantom of the Opera*. "What does it say to us about society?" he queries the group.

Then it is time for the evening service. As the teens join others heading toward the sanctuary, they overtake a reluctant little boy murmuring to his mother, "Is it going to be a show or a speech?"

'Kind of Fearful'

In a posh suburban area of El Paso an evening service at Western Hills

Church concludes. In the lively talk-back session, members consider how they can carry the mission beyond the week of preaching.

"How can we continue it without it becoming a burden or something we're not interested in—we have enough of that type of thing now," someone asks missionary W. D. Lester.

"Set aside some time for people who participated in this week to get together," Dr. Lester suggests. "Use films and testimonies now and then.

"The church is too silent about social issues," he continues. "The churches must become Christian."

"You're too abstract. What can this church do?" someone asks.

"There are enough of you active in community activities that you could call this church together and say, 'This is what's happening. We should do something about it.'"

"What? Take a vote or something?"

"Yes."

"Then what do you do when you end up with two churches?" the questioner persists. "Who'd get the building?"

"Maybe it would be better if the church were split," the elderly missionary says. "Maybe you've got two already. The church does too much study and not enough action."

"We're kind of fearful of this whole matter of taking a social stand," someone finally admits.

'Mision de Vida Nueva'

It is Wednesday evening at El Divino Redentor, a Spanish-speaking church 31 blocks up Yandell Drive from Trinity. Of the 240 names on the church's roll, the minister counts 100 active members, including 7 or 8 teen-agers. But his people are bringing their friends to church this week, so there are 15 at the teen-arama. Guiding the eager discussion is a bilingual missionary, Roberto Escamilla.

"At school they say we're supposed to turn in people who are on drugs," a young person tells him. "I couldn't do that to a friend of mine."

"If you were a real friend, you would," another suggests, somewhat unconvincingly. Others jump into the conversation:

"We have to go to assemblies and we get fed so much stuff on drugs. We've had three speakers, but only one spoke from experience. . . ."

"And that girl really told us what



Each church had evening teen-a-ramas in which missionaries met with youth groups. The agenda was whatever teen-agers wanted to discuss. Accordingly, Dr. Randolph leads a theater game exploring in-groups and out-groups (above), while Dr. W. D. Lester and youth from suburban Western Hills United Methodist Church (below) discuss the doctrine of Atonement.





Each evening during the "week of proclamation" congregations gathered for worship under the leadership of their missionary. All age groups took part in the mission. The woman at left worshiped in the Spanish-speaking El Divino Redentor United Methodist Church, while the young man attended services at Trinity.

it was like. But the teachers were against her because she was so outspoken. . . ."

"It's not the teachers' problem, it's ours. . . ."

Finally the missionary gets in a few words: "Young people want to 'fly away' from everything. Drugs are *not* the way to escape the realities of the world."

As they talk further together, the teens seem to sense the love and concern and wisdom out of which Roberto Escamilla speaks.

The worship service is in Spanish—except for the carefully selected recording of a Simon and Garfunkel song which the music director has chosen for the call to worship. "We should turn from a worship which merely tends polite gardens to a worship which ventures to sow seeds

in the rocky wilderness of our time, and to celebrate the venture," he had explained ahead of time.

Unlike many congregations participating in the New Life Mission, the sanctuary of El Divino Redentor is full. Pastor Abel Vega estimates that 30 percent of the 107 worshipers are outsiders. The usual Sunday attendance is 65 to 90.

Planned Penetration

From their meetings throughout the week with the mayor and others, the mission's leaders learned much about the city of El Paso, the largest U.S. city on the Mexican border: 5,000 American citizens live in Juarez but work in El Paso; 16,000-17,000 "green-carders" (Mexicans with permits to work in the United States) cross into the city daily; it was named

an All America City by *Look* magazine this year; it was the first city in Texas to desegregate its school system; and recently it passed an open-housing ordinance.

Housing is the number one problem, in Mayor de Wetter's eyes. City officials also are concerned about drugs, poor health services, lack of recreational facilities, and unemployment.

As the week drew to an end, each missionary tried to drive home the point that personal faith must be reflected in social responsibility. Mission leaders on Friday met with local councils on ministries to help identify the major concerns which had been unearthed during the mission and to suggest specific responses.

While Board of Evangelism people speak of finding "evidence for new



After evening worship services, people were invited to informal talk-back sessions. Here about 35 El Divino Redentor people meet with missionary Robert Escamilla for coffee, cake, and questions. At the conclusion of the session Mr. Escamilla led the group in passing the peace: "May the Lord go with you."

personal commitment and community action" in El Paso, specific examples of follow-up seem scarce.

One participating minister did report that "a family outside any church for a long time is now finding new life here." Another said, "Some 50 individuals have signed an ongoing commitment to visit one night a month." Despite fears to the contrary, a pastor reported that "Sunday's offering was up 20 percent over the past Sundays."

One of the district superintendents said, "Two of the most helpful meetings, I felt, were those with the mayor and with the various groups at the university. Out of the first came the decision to participate in an urban coalition of ministers to work on problems afflicting the city. Out of the other came a realization

of the need for young Chicanos to get help in maintaining themselves in the university."

One church, Asbury, felt the need to develop small groups, and when a conference was held in Iowa on small groups, representatives from Asbury Church were there.

El Divino Redentor's follow-up included plans for some form of co-operative social action with other United Methodist churches, renewed emphasis for the Fund for Reconciliation, and continuation of study groups. When polled, 97 percent of the congregation said the worship experimentation had been meaningful and should be tried again.

Plans were made immediately to use the contemporary service *Winds of God* (translated into Spanish as necessary by music director Albert

Lopez, Jr.) for a Holy Communion celebration.

Trinity's immediate follow-up was to guide persons making personal commitments into the church's various study and prayer groups.

A month after the guest preachers had returned to their homes, at least one Episcopalian—the mayor—had not forgotten the Methodists' New Life Mission.

"Mayor de Wetter wrote in response to some drug-abuse information I sent," said David Randolph. "He said he was following up on some of our suggestions. A program to work with young drug users has since been set in motion there. While I am sure this was not caused solely by our mission and conference with him, I do think our visit and interest perhaps stimulated that program." □

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Ohio United Methodists Discuss...

What's Ahead For Our Campuses?

WHAT DOES it mean when one says a college or university is United Methodist-related?

Ninety-one four-year schools in the United States are entitled to that designation, and seemingly there are at least 91 different answers to the question, depending on the technicalities of the "relatedness."

But beyond the technicalities, what does it mean? What ties the church to these schools? What influence—not to mention control—does the church exert over them?

Or what about other questions more keyed to the campus of the 1970s? Who really runs the schools? What roles do students play in school governance? Who will pay the increasing costs? How extensive is student unrest, and what is being done about it?

With those and other questions in mind, TOGETHER News Editor John A. Lovelace

met recently with representatives of the five United Methodist-related schools in Ohio.

Brows were still a bit furrowed and bodies a bit tired from the harrowing 1969-70 school year with its Kent State, its Cambodia, its October Moratorium, and (for at least two of the five schools) its deficit financing. But the five interviewees—a president, a chaplain, a trustee, a professor, and a graduate of the class of 1970—had little difficulty looking to the new school year just ahead.

Basically they are optimistic about the future of their schools, and they are downright excited about some of the recent or planned changes in governance and curriculum. They foresee mounting unrest if the Indochina war continues, but they are not sure what directions unrest will take locally. Here are glimpses of their conversation:

News Editor Lovelace opened the session with a quote from presidential counselor Robert H. Finch. Last fall Mr. Finch told a founders' day convocation at United Methodist-related Mount Union College that "as a group, private universities are in deep and continuing trouble." Panelists were asked to respond.

President Weber: There are a number of things which come into this picture. One is the growth of tax-supported higher education in Ohio. This includes not only the substantial growth of the great state universities but the growth of the branches. Within a 45-mile radius of Mount Union College we have eight branches either of Kent State or two other state universities.

Trustee Cromwell: Isn't it the plan eventually to have a branch within 20 miles of anybody?

President Weber: Twenty-five miles.

Trustee Cromwell: Nobody would need to drive more than 25 miles to get to a branch or some kind of state institution of higher education.

Chaplain Leslie: One of the problems that church schools face is that such a high percentage of income comes from tuition. Most United Methodist-related schools have a comparatively small endowment as over against some of the larger private schools. So we must depend on increasing tuition to make up the needs of faculty salaries and other services the college provides as well as increased financial support for students who need help.

Interviewer: If finances are a cru-

cial question for all of you, how are you meeting that problem? Solely by increased tuition, or more church support, or what?

Professor Miller: Church support stays about the same.

Trustee Cromwell: Church support in dollars has been about the same or probably has gone down just slightly in Ohio this year. Tuition costs have been increasing. Baldwin-Wallace has attempted to reach more resources, more industry.

Professor Miller (to President Weber): Don't you have to go out and speak and gather money in as you can?

President Weber: Travel is B.S.A.—before student activity [laughter]. It used to be that the college president was never on the campus. Now when he goes away people say, "Well, things must be pretty good. He left town."

Seriously, the financial problems are great. We get money from tuition, from endowment income, and from gifts. Most of us have several principal sources of gift income—alumni, the church, special friends, industry, and the community. I think all our colleges have been on a plateau from these sources for the last two or three years.

Tuition has kept increasing at a regular rate since 1948. I believe schools such as ours will receive some kind of tax-assisted aid either on a state or federal level within the relatively near future. And I think this can be done, and these schools can continue to be related to The United Methodist Church and be no less Christian in the outlook, attitude, and

approach of their people. Not denominational, but Christian.

The panel then was asked what the denomination is failing to provide the schools. Or, to put it another way, what is the gap between the schools and United Methodism? One seemed to speak for the five:

Chaplain Leslie: I don't think we can blame the church for some problems the colleges face. For instance, the bad press that students are getting means that we have less financial backing from some sources who fear that our students are all the rock-throwing, hippie types, which they are not. A lot of our problems are ones that all campuses face whether they are church related or not—growing costs of higher education, growing need of curricular programs, and so on. What the church has done best is to help get us going and to help set the standards for what should happen at our institutions, and then say, "We will try, within our limited capacity, financially, morally, to make it possible for you to operate in the best possible way." And I think they have done an admirable job.

Asked if they foresee any major changes in the near future between their schools and the church, the five again let one response suffice:

Chaplain Leslie: On some campuses there is serious question about the makeup of the board of trustees which, in many cases, has meant that a majority of the trustees were determined by church representation or

THE PANEL



Miss Marion Vaughan: 1970 graduate, bachelor of music, Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio; enrollment 1,400. Enters Kansas University this fall.



The Rev. James Leslie: Chaplain (10 years), Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio; enrollment 2,500. Boston U., Ph.D. Father of five.



Ronald G. Weber: President (two years), Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio; enrollment 1,200. One daughter among Mount Union's '70 graduates.

by annual conferences. At my school [Ohio Wesleyan] this number has been changed from a majority to approximately one third. This will serve a number of things. It will take away the image that some people have of church control, although I must say, hastily, there has been no church control through the members of the board of trustees.

I expect other church colleges will have less church representation on their boards. This may be aimed in part at the need for financial support. Sometimes this support will not come if the donors are of the impression that this is serving the church rather than the community.

Interviewer: Aside from the mechanics of your school's relationship to the church, what is different about a church-related school? Or what should be the difference?

Trustee Cromwell: I have trouble finding anything but just the spirit and attitude that ought to be exemplified. Certainly there is no difference in truth or education per se in what you are teaching. There isn't either Christian or Methodist mathematics or federal mathematics or chemistry or even sociology.

Chaplain Leslie: Our administration, in its concern to select members of the board of trustees, is working to bring on the board people who will have this kind of attitude. We select people because they would have certain kinds of concerns dealing with racial problems, inner city, the war. We feel that they would then reflect the kind of stand that our church has traditionally declared. By the very nature of our church relatedness we

must be exposed and we do expose ourselves to the moral and ethical questions that not all campuses do.

A lot of critics of United Methodist schools would like us to say that we believe so strongly in religious values that we require our students to attend this or that. But I would suggest that those same people would be the last who would want to have attendance taken in a local Methodist church or credit given them for attending a certain number of services of worship in a local Methodist church. And yet in higher education we are criticized for not requiring that people get Brownie points for worshipping. We have programs that students have to attend, but it is the inward "you have to" sense where the student goes because it is worth going to.

TOGETHER noted that the United Methodist University Senate, the top-level standardizing and accrediting agency, is developing a statement of purpose for institutions related to the denomination. Asked for its suggestions, the panel replied:

Professor Miller: Get rid of the old ideas of what church-relatedness means. To my generation it means compulsory chapel and ministers preaching in chapel.

Trustee Cromwell: And required religion courses.

Professor Miller: Yes, and that's what people cannot get out of their minds. That is why we are hoping to bring some lay Methodists on campus so they can see what goes on. I don't think they really know.

Miss Vaughan: You still can't just

cut religion out of it, though.

Chaplain Leslie: There is such an amazing plus factor to the relatively small size of the schools represented here. For instance, in the recent disturbances nationwide between administration and faculty and students, one reason we were able to keep our cool was because we were in constant contact with the students whom we knew because we are relatively small.

Interviewer: Do the rest of you agree that whatever problems of dissent you had might have been mitigated by your relative smallness?

Several: Yes.

Chaplain Leslie: We have more "community" on the campus than we have had in the 10 years I have been there, and it has been caused primarily by some of the unrest we have had in the nation and by our getting together to deal with it. They were very difficult days, but we've come out of it with a very good feeling. How long it will last I don't know.

Professor Miller: Right after some strikes on the larger campuses I had no problems with class attendance. Everyone was there.

Miss Vaughan: At our school a majority said, "None of this for us. We are going to class—no strike, no nothing. They can do what they want to, but we are going to keep school open." Sort of militant, isn't it?

Asked about changes in academic affairs, the panelists responded with such examples as:

Otterbein—three 10-week terms and a 6-week interim period for independent, ungraded in-depth study; faculty sabbaticals one term out of each seven.

Ohio Wesleyan—students serve with faculty on boards of virtually all departments, including review of faculty promotions but not of financial raises; one-term sabbatical every fourth year.

Ohio Northern—all faculty meetings open to students; ungraded and general education courses, causing more failing students but also more advanced student placement based on tests and interviews; individual professor selects textbooks.

Mount Union—still evaluating three-three semester plan begun in 1963; relaxed graduation requirements; more elective courses; about 10 percent of faculty on sabbatical for part or all of any year.

Discussion of these academic changes led to this question: What are the issues of discussion and/or dissent on your campus?



Mrs. Elizabeth Miller: Professor of English (five years), Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio; enrollment 2,300. Grandmother of four.



The Rev. Tom Cromwell: Trustee (11 years), Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio; enrollment 2,500. Pastor, First U.M. Church, Wooster, Ohio.



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President Weber: First would be our relationship to black people. This would deal with recruitment of students, recruitment of minority-group faculty people, black-studies programs, financial aid for minority-group students. The second large issue would involve the war in south-east Asia, the moratorium, the Kent State tragedy, and the environmental issue. Then the third one would be the campus issue. Here you are talking about student governance and life outside the classroom and who determines it.

Chaplain Leslie: I would put the war first on our campus.

Professor Miller: I would, too.

Miss Vaughan: War isn't first on our campus. Top billing for us would be campus affairs. Right now we are involved in women's hours and the governance plan. Next would be the blacks, which may be more a concern than an issue on our campus.

President Weber: Our students want to know where they are going to live, with whom, how they are going to live, what they will drink and eat, where they are going to drink and eat and with whom. They say, "Look, this is outside the classroom. We should have the determination of our life."

Chaplain Leslie: We have set up a council on student affairs to deal with that. Maybe this is why the war is the big issue because these other issues are being dealt with.

Professor Miller: Our students don't have any problem reaching the administration and not much of a problem talking to faculty.

President Weber: On our campus this past year—and we have had a relatively stable year, I am glad to say—one of the most supportive, stable influences has been the faculty.

Miss Vaughan: I think that was true on ours, too. When there was a threat of a strike, the teachers proposed instead that we have in-class discussion on the total issues. And that solved the problem.

Professor Miller: Our biggest student meeting of the year was right after Kent. They decided they would place an ad in the Washington Post. It cost them \$1,000. The faculty supported them, and this brought faculty and students closer together.

Miss Vaughan: That Friday (in May) also there was a memorial service. Faculty and students spoke.

Chaplain Leslie: We had a memorial service for the Kent State students. About a third of the students attended.

President Weber: We had half of our student body at ours and the most

emotional, sacred service I have attended in my two years as president.

Chaplain Leslie: Ours was followed by a silent procession through town behind a coffin. This was the first time some of the students had been involved in any overt action.

Professor Miller: A delegation of our students asked the president to put the flag at half-staff, and he did.

Chaplain Leslie: Our students went out and lowered it.

Interviewer: Do you foresee an increase in campus dissent, even including violence, at your school?

Chaplain Leslie: If the war continues, we are going to have more dissent, maybe more violence.

Miss Vaughan: The incoming freshmen are a little different from my class in that they are more vocal and more demanding and often cannot see another point of view.

Interviewer: You say you see these changes in three years time? Do the rest of you see the situation changing that quickly?

President Weber: Oh yes.

Professor Miller: Yes.

Chaplain Leslie: The generation gap now is sometimes between freshmen and juniors and seniors.

Interviewer: Are a large majority of your students either silent, neutral, or apathetic when there is protest or dissension?

Chaplain Leslie: Student unrest is general, widespread, and furious, and we should take it seriously. Those that are making the noise are not huge in number; they are a fairly small segment, and those throwing the rocks are even fewer.

Here, though, is an indication of the general change in feeling I saw in my office this year: A year ago I dealt with 8 students applying for conscientious-objection status; this year I dealt with 54. This says a lot about a variety of things. It says that our students are very much concerned about national issues, even though they may not be carrying banners or making signs.

Trustee Cromwell: The vast majority are sympathetic and agreeable with what the few that are speaking and throwing rocks are standing for. If they weren't sympathetic, they would almost in themselves have stopped a lot of this reaction.

Chaplain Leslie: A question that needs to be asked is not so much why must students throw stones but what caused them to do this? What are the underlying reasons for it? This the general public overlooks; they do not see that there is a burning desire to have justice done and get out of Viet Nam.

Trustee Cromwell: And I think the general public doesn't realize that this generation of youth, from the time they could see or hear, has known nothing but violence.

General discussion revealed that students are not so certain about the future as they have been, not necessarily pessimistic but uncertain. There was some feeling that the draft has made young people cynical but that this generation is more interested in social problems than its parents' generation was. The question then was asked: Do you expect the degree of unrest on campus, not just on your own but on the campuses in general, to be about the same next year as last year?

Chaplain Leslie: Nationally, I would say it will be more. Locally, I don't know. I would hope that, locally, the campuses here represented would have dealt with these issues enough that we know these are going to come up and prepare for them. If we don't we are in for a lot of trouble.

Professor Miller: I'm not sure all this legislation dealing with crises is going to work. Those are repressive measures that will probably make things worse. I'm not so sure at my own campus; I doubt very much there will be any violence there, but nationwide we could expect more.

President Weber: I'm not willing to predict. Hopefully, it will be a stable year.

Trustee Cromwell: I'm a little more optimistic. Hopefully, some students have learned other methods of going at some of these things. Maybe they have learned that demonstrations sometimes aren't the answer but that going to work on congressmen and other people in power is the answer.

If that is what you call unrest and pressure, there will be equally as much or more. It will take a different turn. There will be more awareness that when all is said and done you've got to get to the point of power, that all the demonstrations and destruction haven't really accomplished what they wanted. □

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United Methodist Women:

Polarities and Problems, But a History of Loyalty



Among overseas guests at Houston was Mrs. Mary Johnson (with microphone), president of the Sierra Leone Conference Women's Society of Christian Service. Seated is Mrs. Theodore O. Wedel, president of the National Council of Churches.

FOR FOUR DAYS last May, downtown Houston, Texas, was invaded by some 10,000 United Methodist women.

Ranging in age from under 30 to over 60, carrying bright-colored miniature shopping bags stuffed with program materials and, often, Instamatic cameras, and sweaters against the foibles of air conditioning, they shuttled back and forth between downtown hotels and the city's huge coliseum and exhibition hall. They were there for the Assembly of the Women's Society of Christian Service and its auxiliary for employed women, the Wesleyan Service Guild.

Representing local women's societies and guilds throughout the church, they had come looking for inspiration, study, discussion, and fellowship. They found all these—plus more challenge than many had expected and few really wanted in a program and exhibits focused on such troubling issues as the war in Indochina, turmoil on college campuses (it was right after the deaths of four students at Kent State University), racial injustice, poverty, and repression.

The Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), made a last-minute, not previously announced, appearance and warned the women that if the Black Panthers are under attack today, it could be the churches tomorrow. To help bring about needed change within the system, he asked United Methodist women for \$1.2 million to help SCLC establish centers for a nonviolent movement in 12 major cities.

The assembly was not able to act upon this request because it was not a legislative body but rather a meeting sponsored by the Women's Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions. It is that division that makes policy for the 1.8 million members of the 38,000 local women's societies and guilds.

Disagreement became sharply vocal when a young missionary on furlough from Argentina, the Rev. Gilbert H. Dawes, warned that some of America's young people may feel that they have to "burn down this country" to teach it what it is inflicting on the rest of mankind. Loud cries of "No!" were clearly audible over some applause.

Similar reactions followed a special briefing on the entry of United States troops into Cambodia. More than 1,000 women heard United Methodist Bishop James Armstrong, of Aberdeen, S.Dak., strongly oppose the presence of U.S. forces in Cambodia and in the rest of Indochina. He also spoke against stifling of dissent at home, but urged the women not to try to judge each other or add to the polarization that already exists. He proposed support of the Hatfield-McGovern amendment to halt the extension of war by cutting off funds for any military conflict after December, 1970, unless Congress had declared war in the meantime.

Many of the women did send telegrams to their senators supporting the amendment. Others, responding to an impassioned plea from the floor during the question-and-answer period after the bishop's speech, signed a letter to President Nixon that expressed faith in his decision to send troops across the Cambodian border.

By noon of the third day it was evident that the assembly was adding to the polarity that exists across the church. Then the mood of the program changed. In a major address that evening, Mrs. Theodore O. Wedel, president of the National Council of Churches, urged the women to study their Christian faith carefully, to try to discern the will of God in the turmoil of today, and to seek ways in which they can work to further God's will. "To people like us who know God through Jesus Christ, these are magnificent times," she declared.

Two worship services sum up the contrast between challenge and inspiration. The assembly opened with a multimedia worship experience. It closed with a more traditional Communion service.

First Meeting Together

It was the first time that former Methodist and former Evangelical United Brethren women, united in 1968, had met as one body. Mrs. Wayne W. Harrington of Omaha, Nebr., president of the Women's Division, said that when a predecessor of the EUB women's society was organized, one man had exclaimed:

"They will pray. You know they will pray. And there's no telling what will happen when women pray."

In the two streams of history represented by the EUB side of United Methodism, the first women's organization was formed in the Evangelical Church in 1839. This was the Evangelical Missionary Society of the Immanuel Evangelical Church in Philadelphia. In the church of the United Brethren in Christ, the Sisters' Mission Society of the Ohio German Conference was first organized in May, 1869.

It was in 1819 that "females attached to the Methodist congregation" were invited to form a society that would be an auxiliary to the Missionary and Bible Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The

motion was made by a man—Dr. Joshua Soule—and supported by another man, Dr. Nathan Bangs.

During the next 50 years pious members of the Female Missionary Society of New York raised more than \$20,000 by spinning, sewing, and "practicing economies."

During that half century, men missionaries in India had discovered that so far as women of India were concerned, they faced a closed door. Only their wives could be accepted. In 1859 Mrs. Edwin Parker opened the first "veranda school" in India and set about teaching little girls.

In 1869 Mrs. Parker was in this country on furlough and was present at St. John's Church in Boston when Dr. William Butler, himself a former missionary to India, preached a missionary sermon. Afterwards Mrs. Parker told a Boston woman, Mrs. Lewis Flanders, about the needs of the women in India. Mrs. Flanders promised to place the matter of missions before the women of Boston's Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

On March 23, 1869, eight courageous women braved a drenching rainstorm to meet in a corner room in Tremont Street Church. After they heard Mrs. Parker talk, they decided to organize.

It was raining again on the thirtieth of March when 26 women adopted a constitution for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The society's purpose was to engage and unite the efforts of the women of the church in sending out and supporting female missionaries, native Christian teachers, and Bible women in foreign lands. The first female missionaries embarked later that year. They were Miss Isabella Thoburn and Dr. Clara Swain. In December of this year the Isabella Thoburn College, in Lucknow, India, will celebrate its centennial. The Clara Swain Hospital, in Bareilly, India, is an important unit in the medical and mission world.

Women Work, Men Administer

The first president of the Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Osman Baker, was assisted by no less than 44 vice-presidents, including the wives of the bishops and many other well-known women.

Methodist men reacted predictably: "You raise the money and we

will administer." The women responded that they would be "dutiful children to the church authorities" but added: "Through our organization we may do a work which no other can accomplish."

This proved to be true. Nobody could count the church suppers served, the sewing done, the bazaars held, the pennies dropped into mite boxes by the members of ladies aid or missionary societies. The money that former Methodist and EUB women have earned and the contributions they have pledged have supported a full range of missionary programs, both at home and around the world. Local societies and guilds have furnished parsonages, paid for repairs to church buildings, and filled countless gaps in church budgets. Many, perhaps most, local churches have at one time or another owed their very existence to the support of their women's societies.

But the men were still administering when the three branches of Methodism were reunited in 1939 after a many-years split. It was recognized, realistically, that the only way the women could have an effective voice in setting missionary policies and programs was by establishing their own missionary agency parallel to that of the general church. Accordingly, the Woman's Division of Christian Service was created as a part of the Board of Missions but with power to operate autonomously and maintain major mission programs.

When the Board of Missions was restructured in 1964, the Woman's Division turned the administration of the institutionalized work it had developed over to the Board's Divisions of National Missions and World Missions. The women, however, have continued their financial support of these programs.

By the end of the fiscal year that closed December 31, 1968, the Women's Division of The United Methodist Church, then including both former EUB and former Methodist women, reported an annual income of \$14,383,358. In 1969 this dropped to \$13,766,240, a reflection of inflation and tight money, as well as a disposition to withhold gifts or pledges as a form of protest against activities or programs some members, and some local societies or guilds, felt were too radical.

New needs have arisen, to be met

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in ways as new and different as the sending of the first women missionaries overseas. In 1969, for instance, the Women's Division sold stock it held in Dow Chemical Company and divided the proceeds—approximately \$400,000—between the National Division for community service and action and Black Methodists for Church Renewal.

The Women's Division has deposited substantial sums in banks owned and operated by Negroes and has encouraged societies and guilds to open checking accounts in black banks in their own towns.

It has called for legalization of voluntary sterilization, abortion reform, and broader aid to overseas countries in the area of family planning.

It always has worked in coalition with other church women's groups, and now it recognizes the necessity of extending coalitions to other agencies in the church and to non-traditional groups outside.

In a statement adopted for presentation to the United Methodist General Conference's Structure Study Commission, it has said, in part:

"The Women's Division has as its first concern the renewal of the church and the strengthening . . . of its mission in the world. . . . Structures which are open-ended, fluid, provisional, flexible will have the most significant impact upon values, life-style, and modes of thought and feeling. We believe the reflection-action style (the unity of spiritual life and social action) is the characteristic mode of persons participating in such structures. If the division's predecessors left any legacy, it is that the Women's Division now offers to the church an unfragmented structure which historically and presently witnesses to the unity of reflection and action as the essence of mission."

Nine division offices provide liaison between the local societies and the national office, which fills two floors at 475 Riverside Drive, New York City. An abundance of program and organizational material, plus a magazine, *response*, and numerous other resources are supplemented by regional and conference schools to help society and guild leaders on all levels deal with issues in greater depth and accomplish organizational tasks more skillfully.

Local-National Gap

Even so, in this "unfragmented structure" there is a wide gap between national and local thinking. Women who have spent their lives in personal good works feel unappreciated by leaders who talk in terms of coalitions, empowerment, and group action. Women who have found fellowship and spiritual enrichment in their circles do not want the pattern threatened. But many a local church has other problems. Young women voice their frustration at being told by their elders: "But we just don't do it that way." And many women church members, particularly young women and employed women, do not belong to the Women's Society or Wesleyan Guild.

With the encouragement of national leaders, many societies and guilds are trying to broaden their activities. In addition to the circles that have for so long provided opportunities for study, service, and spiritual growth, special interest groups and study groups are being created to serve the needs and utilize the talents of women who do not feel a need for circle experience. And task groups are being formed to accomplish specific jobs that need to be done.

There are still things the church is not doing that it should be doing in most local situations, and many of these unmet challenges are particularly suitable to the ministry of women. Mrs. Harrington reminded the women of this at Houston: "United Methodist Women—organized in local societies and guilds—can mobilize great untapped resources of woman power, and through the channels of their organizations bring to bear an effective influence toward the solution of the problems of the world and the shaping of the kind of world we must have for the welfare of humanity."

And, in what most of the women there felt was the spiritual high note of the assembly, Miss Theresa Hoover, associate general secretary of the Women's Division, declared: "We should be the people who shape the scene. I challenge you—I dare you—to be a movement, a symphony of many liberations: of ourselves, of laymen, of the clergy, of any structures in church and society that limit the development of persons to their full human potential." □

CENTURY CLUB

Three of our seven new Century Club members are from the state of Washington.

Mrs. Mary Baker, 100, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. Lillian B. Hitchings, 100, Seattle, Wash.

Margaret E. Land, 100, Maryville, Tenn.

Mrs. Marguerite Preston, 100, Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Rose Wackenhuth, 100, Muncy, Pa.

Mrs. Louise Wilson, 100, Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. Helen Zieske, 100, Minneapolis, Minn.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and its location.

TIMES ARE CHANGING; CHURCHES ARE, TOO

Friday nights, newspaper want ads, and a restored old state capitol are among items to which United Methodists applied new twists recently.

In the Dallas, Texas, suburb of Mesquite, St. Stephen United Methodist Church moved its Sunday worship services to Friday night for the summer.

The pastor, the Rev. Winston Fletcher, said the switch was made to allow families to be families on Sundays. One member confirmed that the change deeply increased the value of Sunday as a family-oriented day. She added that her family spent its first Sunday morning together painting—at the church!

In suburban Los Angeles, Calif., Maywood United Methodist Church began placing small ads in the local newspaper. Samples:

Under "Auto Repairs and Parts": "When you get your car fixed, drive it to the United Methodist Church of Maywood."

Under "Lost and Found": "FOUND—the secret of really good living. Hear it at United Methodist Church of Maywood."

Under "Wanted, Miscellaneous": "The United Methodist Church of Maywood wants everyone to be the best person possible."

The Maywood church also had an ad for a share-a-pew-plan which, in a sense, is what some United Methodists in Illinois did.

State officials in charge of restoring the old capitol in Springfield, Ill., wanted some period furniture to help authenticate what is expected to become a major tourist attraction in the heart of Lincolnland. Thirty-one pews in an abandoned rural United Methodist church were found to be of the right century-old period, and the state bought and refinished them.

MEMBERS ASKED TO REACT TO SOCIAL CREED DRAFT

Beginning October 1, United Methodists will have four months to study and react to drafts of a denominational statement of social principles.

Five writers have been asked by the Social Principles Study Commission to prepare the drafts. Local churches in turn are asked to study the drafts and report conclusions, comments, and suggested changes to the commission by February 1.

The commission expects to present final recommendations to the 1972 General Conference. Created by the 1968 General Conference, the commission has held hearings across the denomination and studied papers from members and others.

Copies of the drafts are available from the commission at 1019 Chestnut Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50309.

JOHN PROCTER TO HEAD PUBLISHING HOUSE

A native Tennessean whose connection with The Methodist Publishing House dates from 1940 is the firm's new president and publisher.



On November 1 John E. Procter will move up from vice-president in charge of publishing to succeed Lovick Pierce. Mr. Pierce last spring requested retirement by end of October.

The General Board of Publication unanimously elected Mr. Procter. A five-member nominating committee began the search for Mr. Pierce's successor last spring.

In a statement of acceptance, Mr. Procter told the board he will seek an organization and staff that will maintain a high degree of communication throughout The United Methodist Church. He said he will present recommendations for organization and staff to the board's October 28 meeting in Nashville.

In addition to Mr. Pierce, at least three other MPH officials are expected to retire soon.

Born in Gainesboro, Tenn., some 80 miles northeast of Nashville, Mr. Procter worked part time as an accounting clerk for the publishing house in 1940-42 while a student at Peabody College. Military service twice interrupted his MPH employment. His second return was in 1952. He remained in the accounting division until 1964 when he was named to the publishing vice-presidency.

An avid sportsman (golf, bowling, hunting, fishing), Mr. Procter is active in the Administrative Management Society, Protestant Church-Owned Publishers' Association, American Book Publishers' Council, and Calvary United Methodist Church in Nashville. He and Mrs. Procter have two daughters.

Blacks Gain Decision-Making Posts

In recent months substantial gains have been made by blacks in acquiring executive and policy-making positions among major Christian denominations.

Scores of staff positions have been filled by blacks, and many have been created solely for blacks.

Since June the National Council of Churches has appointed 4 blacks to professional and executive levels, bringing to 15 the total number of blacks occupying such positions with the council. One of the four will serve as a recruiter for the council to attract more blacks to fill other positions. The council seeks to place at least eight more blacks in official positions by the end of the year.

Among United Methodists at least four new high-ranking positions have been filled by blacks in the last two months. Three are with the denomination's General Board of Missions: an assistant general secretary of the National Division, an assistant general secretary of the World Division, and an assistant general secretary of the Joint Commission on Education and Cultivation. With the General Board of Evangelism, a black has been named assistant general secretary. In all four instances the positions were created solely for blacks.

Last winter the General Assembly of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) elected a black as its first vice-president.

Also last winter a black churchman was named to head the new commission on racial justice for the United Church of Christ.

More recently the Church of God (Anderson, Ind.) named three blacks to high positions. It elected a black chairman of its executive council and a black female member of the council, the first woman on the council. A black also was elected chairman of the church's Commission on Social Concerns.

Two COCU Officials

The Consultation on Church Union (COCU), a body proposing merger of nine major denominations including three black denominations, has as its second highest ranking staff official a black associate general secretary. COCU's second highest-ranking elected officer, its first vice-president, is also black.

Locally, various leading positions have been filled by blacks as moderators, ministerial-association

presidents, and church-federation officials.

An increase has also been noted in the number of blacks holding professorships at church-related colleges and seminaries in many parts of the nation.

Reasons for the recent rises by blacks vary. But just about every movement and human resource has been credited with a contribution. Some of these include: renewal groups, black caucuses, passage of stronger civil-rights laws, Project Equality (a national organization seeking fair-employment practices primarily for minorities), and the Kerner Commission Report, which pointed out discriminatory practices against minority races and particularly against blacks.

The new head of the commission on racial justice for the United Church of Christ, the Rev. Charles E. Cobb, credits black caucuses within many denominations with forcing church organizations to face the race problem. "They have been the most potent forces to bring about change," he said.

Jobs Instead of Money

Major attention has been given James Forman's Black Manifesto, in which he demanded some \$500 million from white churches. Some have reasoned that denominations found it easier to create jobs for blacks than to produce large sums of money. The fact is that many positions now open came into being after the manifesto was issued.

The Rev. Woodie White, executive secretary of United Methodism's Commission on Religion and Race, believes his denomination is "far ahead" of the others in its practices of hiring blacks, and says, "What is happening are signs of hope for United Methodists and other denominations."

Not all share Mr. White's enthusiasm. There are those who still contend that the churches are not being fair in their treatment of blacks. They use as examples the now expired terms of a black who served as moderator of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church U.S.A. a few years ago, and more recently a black who served as president of the American Baptist Convention. In both cases their successors were whites.

Critics also charge that recent gains by blacks have not been large enough numerically. For example, they say that of the National

Council of Churches professional and executive staff of 185, only 15 come from minority groups, a mere 8 percent. They further add that a breakdown of the specific minorities would show an even smaller representation of blacks. They want percentages up for all minorities.

No Misgivings

There is also a strong feeling by some that black breakthroughs can, if not carefully understood, cover and hide the reality of repression and racism against blacks. The National Committee of Black Churchmen termed such attitudes as "suprapatriotism."

At this juncture Mr. White cautions, "We need to be aware and conscious that promotions among blacks throughout denominations must not be limited to race-related positions only. It is very important to have blacks involved in the decision-making process that concerns all people." He adds, "We wish not to have our contribution to United Methodism and Christianity limited to only one area."

There seemed little ambiguity among blacks who were assuming positions that had been created solely for them. Said one United Methodist who only a short time ago moved into one of the four newly created executive positions, "We have been seeking better positions in the church for a long time, and now that they have come, I certainly have no misgivings, especially, knowing that I will be making a worthwhile contribution."

—James Campbell



Thirteenth and newest Navy chief of chaplains is Chaplain (Rear Adm.) Francis L. Garrett, shown speaking in Navy Yard in Washington, D.C. The South Carolina United Methodist is a 26-year veteran of the chaplaincy.

CHURCH LEADERS STATE POLITICO-WAR VIEWS

On at least three fronts United Methodists are leading American response to or participation in the changing international political and military situation.

Two bishops and a staff member are the United Methodist members of a recently formed committee calling on the U.S. government to recognize the People's Republic of China as the "sole legitimate representative of China."

Dr. Carl Soule, head of the UN office for the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, served as chairman of the steering committee which brought the new China policy group into being. Joining him on the board are Bishops John Wesley Lord of Washington and James K. Mathews of Boston.

The committee will issue public statements, lobby in Washington, and try to organize a "large mass" of citizens behind its policies. Dr. Soule expressed confidence that a substantial number of Americans would support the goals.

In a speech to the National Council of Churches General Board, United Methodist Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas Area called on churches to "insist that the American presence in southeast Asia represents neither freedom nor self-determination."

He also called on churchmen to share convictions and commitments with the administration in Washington, support Congress "as it tries to assume its constitutional responsibilities in the making and ending of wars," and encourage churches "to become forums for significant dialogue and centers of action for peace."

A United Methodist layman, Curtis W. Tarr, issued guidelines to local draft boards as tests for conscientious objectors to military service.

Mr. Tarr, director of Selective Service, said the primary test is how deeply the individual's views are held. His guidelines followed the U.S. Supreme Court's recent ruling that claims to conscientious-objector status do not have to be based on traditional religious beliefs but also on "deeply held" moral or ethical conviction.

Two Calvary Churches in Change

Calvary United Methodist Church is a predominately white church in a largely black community in Minneapolis, Minn., and in Atlanta, Georgia.

A misprint? No! The locations are different but the name is the same and so is the chief issue—community involvement. At both churches that issue recently generated some rather radical changes.

One such change at the Minneapolis church is in the name itself, soon to be officially changed from Calvary to the People's Church.

Once a racially mixed but predominately Jewish community, over the last few years Minneapolis' near north-side area changed to largely black with some poor whites, Indians, and middle-class Negroes. The former Calvary congregation had long been split between those favoring the Rev. Rolland Robinson's ministry to the changing community and those who wanted traditional worship.

In April, 1969, the congregation voted to move officially toward community involvement, but last February the polarization intensified. Several persons decided they could no longer go along with the changing style of worship and identification with controversial groups. (Mr. Robinson is chairman of a community center, The Way, and works closely with young black militants.)

From February to June the congregation's two groups worshiped separately. Bishop Paul Washburn told a congregational meeting that it had no future "as a traditional church ignoring the community in which the congregation building is located."

After notifying Bishop Washburn that he would not accept reappointment to a divided Calvary Church but would serve it as a community-involved People's Church formed by Calvary members favoring his ministry, Mr. Robinson joined several of his laymen in asking annual conference for additional funds to support two ministers (conference had been financially supporting Calvary in varying degrees for three or four years) and conference recognition of the People's Church. After several hours of debate, conference approved \$18,000 in addition to the \$16,000 already approved for the 1971 calendar year.

Awed by the implication of the conference action, Mr. Robinson said it was a daring first step

turning white institutional power, with no strings attached, to a community of black people.

Commented the 33-year-old pastor, "The poor and racial minorities here need to be given power over their lives and the church has begun to make this possible." He added that it is the first time any white institution in the area has given over power to the people who are oppressed.

Several members have transferred to other United Methodist churches or to other denominations. Almost all blacks have remained, and many whites have chosen to stay, most living in the community. Within weeks after the conference decision People's Church was rapidly adding to its 35 members, with hundreds of others using the church throughout the week.

Viewing the church's role as a servant to the community, Mr. Robinson noted that all the church's resources will be made available "as the community sees fit to use them."

"Before, unless you believed in Jesus Christ, you couldn't set policy in the church," he said. "Now it's a copartnership with all the sons of God whether they are believers or not."

One program at People's Church is an autonomous day-care center run by an ADC black mother.

Among other activities are a Christian Free School, in which young people will make decisions about the curriculum, and a street ministry.

While People's Church accelerates its role in its community, Calvary Church in Atlanta is just beginning.

Located in southwest Atlanta, Calvary was a strong suburban church with about 500 members until about two years ago. As the neighborhood changed from predominately white to about 80 percent black, many members left the community. The lay leader says little was done to encourage or discourage black attendance.

Recognizing that its primarily nonresident church was not involved with the surrounding black community, the congregation several months ago voted to accept appointment of a black pastor. In June the Rev. Henry Joyner became the first black pastor of an all-white United Methodist congregation in Georgia. In his first two weeks two blacks joined.

Optimistic and hopeful of mak-

ing Calvary a truly inclusive and united church, Mr. Joyner faces the task of initiating involvement of the black community members while retaining the church's white membership.

While some members reportedly went to an all-white Presbyterian church across the street, 28 white families remain as active members. Another 50 persons who have moved away promised continuing financial support. One lady in her 60s commented, "Why should I leave? This is my home church, and we simply have a new minister."

Mr. Joyner said he and members are deciding what they can do to involve the community. "Hopefully it will be a co-operative effort between the church and community." Plans are under way to update and open the church gym to all segments of the community.

"We're having an every member canvas to scrutinize the community resources and pool the potential," he commented. "Then we will create projects geared to various age groups."

—Lynda Peak

RACE BALANCE ASKED FOR CURRICULUM

"If we have whites doing their thing and blacks doing their thing, it may be that nobody will be doing God's thing."

With that warning, the executive secretary of United Methodism's Commission on Religion and Race recently called on the denomination's central curriculum agency to keep race consciousness balanced "so as not to replace God consciousness."

The Rev. Woodie W. White also said the theology of the white church has been grounded more in whiteness than in Godness. He urged program-curriculum developers to be more flexible, to try experimental resources, and to include in professional writing teams persons reflecting the broad ethnic composition of the entire church.

Mr. White was speaking to the Program Curriculum Committee. Representing all United Methodist program boards, the committee formulates philosophy and design for all United Methodist curriculum.

United Methodists in the News

Vincent T. Taamotheram, prominent layman and former vice-president of the Ceylon Methodist Church, was appointed to the Supreme Court of that largely Buddhist country.

New president of the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities is **Dr. Richard V. Moore**, president of United Methodist-related Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach.

Given special recognition by Religion in American Life (RIAL) was **Robert W. Boggs**, United Methodist layman, ending 21 years as volunteer co-ordinator of RIAL's advertising.

Dr. Robert J. Bull, professor of church history and director of the Institute of Archaeological Research at United Methodist-related Drew University, Madison, N.J., was named director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem for the 1970-71 academic year.

Two United Methodist laymen were recently honored by Religious Heritage of America. **Eddy C. Scurlock**, member of St. Luke's Church in Houston, Texas, and board chairman of Scurlock Oil Company, was named "Man of the Year" in petroleum and mining. Receiving the "Man of the Year" citation in the lodging industry was **Kemmons Wilson**, chairman of the board of Holiday Inns, Inc., and member of Christ Church, Memphis.

The Rev. **Leon Smith**, director of ministries in marriage for the Board of Education, was elected to the board of directors of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States.

George Daniels, staff member of the Board of Missions and 1969 recipient of the Ralph Stooddy Fellowship for graduate study, was chosen by Columbia University faculty of journalism for travel and study in Latin America.

After 42 years of service in India and Nepal, two of United Methodism's modern missionary pioneers, **Dr. Robert Fleming** and **Dr. Bethel Fleming**, retired recently.

The Rev. **Noe E. Gonzales**, superintendent of the Western District of the Rio Grande Conference, was elected president of United Methodist-related Lydia Patterson Institute in El Paso, Texas. [See *New Life Mission Comes to El Paso*, page 2.]

DEATHS: Retired Bishop **George E. Epp**, 84 . . . **Dr. Milburn P. Akers**, 70, prominent journalist and supporter of private higher education . . . **Frank C. Laubach**, 85, famed illiteracy fighter who developed literacy primers in 312 languages . . . Retired Bishop **Raymond L. Archer**, 82 . . . **Dr. D. T. Niles**, 62, president of the Methodist Church in Ceylon and one of six presidents of the World Council of Churches.



Hands upon hands symbolized union recently of the Southwest Texas and West Texas Conferences of United Methodism. Bishop Eugene Slater (upper left) presided over the merger, one of several completed or in process among former black and white annual conferences. Other annual-conference news on page 21.

Annual Conferences Accent Minorities

The accent was on minority groups—youth, blacks, Indians, women—in a number of annual-conference actions this spring and summer.

As the basic legislative and administrative units of The United Methodist Church, most of the more than 90 geographic conferences held their annual sessions in May and June.

While lay members from local churches and ministers continued to hold most positions, youth were recognized and allowed to join discussions in some meetings for the first time.

Over 70 young people were present at the New Mexico and Louisville Conferences and 100 attended the California-Nevada and Detroit Conferences.

Voice and Vote

Youth were heard in the Eastern Pennsylvania Conference where the president of the youth council was allowed to speak, present motions, and vote in plenary sessions. Members there agreed to support a Philadelphia draft-information center and appoint two youth between ages 12 and 18 to every conference board, commission, and council where appropriate.

Draft counseling also was pushed by youth in California-Nevada Conference where members urged local churches to set up counseling for young men. Kansas East, Florida, Iowa, and Central Pennsylvania Conferences also asked local churches to provide such counseling.

New York Conference increased youth representation on its Program Council from 8 to 10.

North Indiana Conference voted to petition the 1972 General Conference to allow two voting and one nonvoting youth members from each district to annual conference. Meanwhile, North Dakota members favored lowering delegate voting age at General Conference to 18.

The Dakotas also focused on another minority group—Indians. While the South Dakota Conference will have a person working with the American Indian Research Council, North Dakota approved a special minister to work statewide to change community attitudes toward North Dakota Indians. Of the 11 Fund for Reconciliation projects approved in the Dakotas Area, 9 involve work among the Indian population.

Florida Conference voted to hold a series of workshops to study the history of American Indians, Latin Americans, Negroes, and Orientals and to seek improvements in employment and education in the ghetto and among migrants.

The Oriental population was the focus in California-Nevada Conference action which approved a special ministry for immigrants from China and the Philippines in the San Francisco Bay area.

Shifting to Appalachia, the Kentucky Conference voted to work with the National Division of the Board of Missions in establishing and aiding economic programs to assist persons in the poverty area.

Emphasis in the Peninsula Conference was on interracial churches in the city. It approved workshops for ministers to prepare themselves for work in these areas and multi-racial staffs where churches have more than one pastor.

In an effort to bring about racial understanding the West Virginia Conference initiated a conference-wide study of the black church, and Virginia Conference approved a six-year emphasis on education for better race relations. The latter also approved interracial copastorates and stressed that race not be a restriction of qualification for election or appointment to conference positions.

The Eastern Pennsylvania Conference urged its institutions to participate in the Philadelphia Plan for fair employment, and Minnesota Conference encouraged adoption of racially mixed children and urged churches to aid interracial couples and their children.

At least five conferences—Western Pennsylvania, Detroit, Iowa, Kentucky, and Western North Carolina—established commissions on religion and race.

Women's Task Force

Women's liberation won some points in New York Conference where members adopted several recommendations from a women's task force. Included are a study to determine how church-school literature reinforces the traditional "sex role" of the mother in the home and the father at work and a special consultation on women in church professions.

Membership losses were reported by several conferences including Western Pennsylvania, Central Illinois, Iowa, Southern Illinois, and

Wisconsin. North Carolina reported its first loss in 20 years.

Liberalization of abortion laws was favored by Troy, North Dakota, Central Pennsylvania, Western Pennsylvania, and Minnesota, the latter also favoring uniform abortion laws across the country. North Carolina, however, overwhelmingly defeated a resolution calling for liberalization.

The war in southeast Asia was on the agenda of many conferences with some urging early withdrawal of U.S. troops and caution on extension of the war in other areas.

Two conferences, Minnesota and Central Pennsylvania, favored discontinuance of the Selective Service System.

Troy Conference defeated a resolution to dispose of its shares and bonds in seven corporations called primary contributors to the Defense Department.

Central Illinois members, though opposed to using state tax money to support nonpublic elementary and secondary schools, proposed a statewide study involving Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic leaders and school officials of the possibility of having elective courses in religion in public schools.

Mergers Win, Lose

Merger of black and white annual conferences in Louisiana was approved, but similar plans in Alabama and Georgia were defeated by close margins.

Merger of former Central Jurisdiction West Texas and Gulf Coast Conferences in Texas was completed with geographic conferences.

In addition to black and white mergers, union between former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Conferences was completed or approved in nine conferences from New England to the Pacific Northwest. Official merger ceremonies were held in Ohio uniting six conferences into two.

Some conferences urged special local church study of the Consultation on Church Union Plan of Union involving United Methodism and eight other denominations.

Special attention was given to ministerial recruitment by the Memphis, Wyoming, Central Illinois, and West Virginia Conferences.

Continuing education programs were established by at least two conferences, and Northwest Texas Conference initiated seminars for new ministers.

That Essential Integrity

IF ONE THING is evident in our society today, it is the urgent need for integrity in our thinking, in our words, and in our actions.

Certainly this applies not merely to society at large but particularly to the church and to each of us as individual Christians. And, as fall approaches with its new school year, we must agree that such integrity, such honest wholeness of word and deed, is desperately needed on our nation's college campuses.

In his recent book *The New Man for Our Times*, Elton Trueblood devotes a chapter to "Intellectual Integrity." He observes that much of the current malaise results from a situation in which people on the one hand are devoted to personal moral permissiveness while on the other hand they are attempting to champion causes of social justice. But, if ethical subjectivism is permitted in the area of personal behavior, how can any moral basis for social justice be asserted?

"If there is no objective truth about morality," as Dr. Trueblood puts it, "we are already boxed into a position in which we cannot even discuss sin," and the battle for truth and justice against falsehood and evil is already lost on the philosophical ground of one's presuppositions rather than on the field of action. Moving the argument into the theological realm: "What good is it to talk about God's will for our social crisis to people who do not really believe in him?"

A widely popular contemporary heresy is the philosophy of relativism, the idea that right and wrong are related only to what a person may think at the time. Oddly, many of those embracing this philosophy demand tolerance for their own acts and for the acts of those who agree with them, but they become violently intolerant of those who act differently.

Such destructive intolerance in the academic community evidently provoked the usually reserved President Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard University at last spring's baccalaureate service to charge student extremists of the radical left with using "the old McCarthy technique."

Dr. Pusey declared, "Always they insinuate, distort, accuse, their aim not being to identify and correct real abuses but always rather by crying alarm intentionally to arouse and inflame passions in order to build support for their 'nonnegotiable demands,' and by this means to enlarge their following and enhance their power."

The Harvard president was questioning the intellectual integrity of such extremists, asserting their actions did not square with their purported ideals of justice.

Of course, the radical extremist students are a small minority. And many colleges and universities have managed to respond realistically and positively to legitimate student needs without permitting the campus to degenerate into destructive and violent confrontation. A large majority of students are serious-minded and idealistic youth who are seeking to acquire knowledge and to make significant contributions to the world of today. Nevertheless, a small dedicated cadre of radicals has often disrupted the educational process for entire universities.

While recognizing with some appreciation that radical political groups have made a number of correct judg-

ments regarding certain national issues, Michael Novak nonetheless notes that they share such "typical American middle-class deficiencies" as these: impatience, love for confrontation, value for action and sentiment more than for perseverance and intelligence, self-pity, appetite for violence, tendency to devise shortcuts in avoiding difficult situations, strong ritualistic sectarianism, anti-intellectualism, disposition to use slogans and to seek simplistic solutions, obsession with moral purity, and expressions of a strange kind of death wish.

The clash last May of New York City construction workers with student war protesters was more than an isolated incident. The "hard hats" marched, chanted, and physically assaulted numbers of the young protesters even though some of the construction workers themselves were opposed to the war. Disliking the war, they disliked the students even more. The fearful lesson is that the tactics of confrontation and violence are not restricted to one group in our society. If provocations continue, the law of the jungle lurks menacingly ahead for us all.

Another revelation is the depth of rage that many American workingmen harbor against radical students. The students rightly see injustices in our society; they see hypocrisies in our institutions; they protest the lack of integrity in our political systems. But when legitimate protest in the hands of extremists turns to coercion, repression, and violence, it unleashes the fierce hostilities of the workingman.

The lower middle-class American feels that he has worked hard for himself and for his family, providing education for his children and security for his future. When radical and apparently affluent students, whom he sees as sons of the privileged class, call him and his fellows "pigs"—dehumanizing him and belittling all he has struggled to attain—it is not surprising that he is ready to resort to the very tactics the radicals employ.

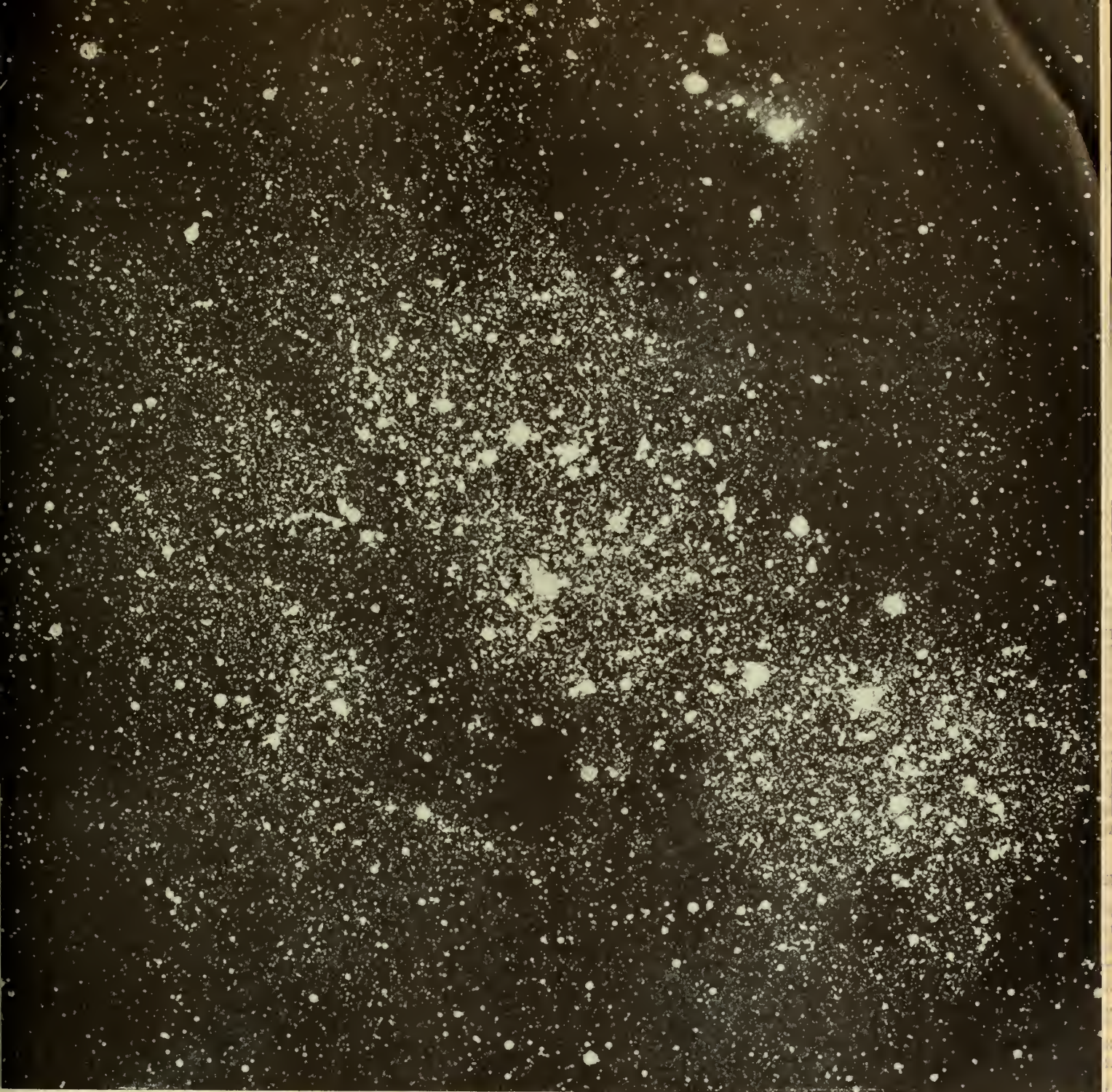
True, there is something of a generation gap in our society, but the term is oversimplified and has been overpopularized and almost ludicrously overworked. However, the real polarization is much more between classes than between ages. This phenomenon is abundantly evident on college campuses in spite of the fact that they are not strictly a representative cross-section of American society.

Grasping for relevance to the social and political scene, too many educational institutions have failed to maintain their integrity in critical intellectual inquiry. Thus they are too easily captured by the particular establishment (radical or reactionary) of their own times. And, in Michael Novak's words, "Nothing is as irrelevant as the preceding generation's relevance."

The church can make a sorely needed contribution to the healing of our times by teaching and exemplifying integrity, both personal and institutional. Church colleges and universities especially need to seek to become models of intellectual integrity.

Integrity is that honest wholeness of character that unifies what we think, what we say, and what we do. In a deeply divided society, integrity is a desperately needed quality of life.

—Your Editors



Today's Theology Speaks to Me

By JOHN F. WALKER

PREPARING RECENTLY to make a talk on changing trends in theology, I was overwhelmed by the amount of material that is available.

A great deal has been written by the big-name theologians of the 20th century, including Karl Barth, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and Paul Tillich. Then, too, a lot has been written by others about major trends in recent decades as well as the newer "Godless" or "Christless" theologies.

While such information is certainly not to be ignored, the problem for most of us is not what someone like Barth

said about revelation, but rather, how do we think theologically about personal decisions which we must make tomorrow morning?

Yet, I feel that each Christian must deal with theology, which is really nothing more than one's view about the ultimate meaning of life.

While I was still in high school, my theology was a vague mixture of fundamentalism and Norman Vincent Peale. I accepted in an unquestioning way the Bible as the verbally inspired Word of God, Jesus as the Son of God born of a virgin, and other propositions. I tried to improve my basketball playing by positive thinking and prayer. Somehow, I fitted in an emotional experience with a personal God.

This theology helped me through a rather stormy adolescence, but in seminary I realized that my early beliefs in some respects were limiting. I suppose if one word could symbolize my faith now, it would be "personal," as opposed to "propositional."

The church at times has held God's self-disclosure to be principally propositional in nature. That is, it was believed that God has made himself known through statements or propositions about himself. This view of revelation puts the emphasis on acceptance, belief, agreement with such propositions.

MY OWN VIEW now is that revelation is essentially personal, that is, it consists basically of God's self-revelation rather than statements about God. Martin Buber, the late Jewish theologian, helped me here. He pointed out that we respond to that which we encounter either in an "I-it" or an "I-Thou" relationship. When we treat God's revelation as primarily consisting of statements, we treat God in the "I-it" way. To see this self-disclosure as personal is to respond as an "I" to a "Thou."

Paul Tillich said you never meet liberating truth in the form of propositions that you can write down and take home. To me this means that moments of illumination often come after hours of hard searching. While the Bible is important in this search, I must avoid any simple identification of Christian revelation with its contents. Its significance is not its infallibility, but the Truth it points to. Because of its participation in events of the world, the Bible calls forth a response to a living Word.

Rudolf Bultmann challenged my thinking by his use of

the often misunderstood word "myth." In common use this term often connotes error or a fanciful story. It sometimes is associated with outmoded views, bizarre explanations, or historical inaccuracies. But in another sense, myth is the spontaneous expression of the experience of a people who are concerned more to express a religious truth than to give factual information.

Problems arise when myth is treated as science. Myth is like poetry (which abounds in the Bible) in which truth is sometimes conveyed in nonliteral form simply because it illuminates man's situation. It is like parable or allegory. It is possible to express truths in these ways that cannot be expressed so well in other ways. A lot of the Bible is historical, but some of it expresses religious truth as poetry, parable, or myth. Understanding this concept, one is free to open himself through study of the Bible to personal revelation that might not come in any other way. The Bible is not revelatory until someone responds.

In thinking about the nature of God, I have come to use terms like this: Rather than speaking of God as existing, to state that God is the essence of existence himself.

This statement, to begin with, is based on the concept of transcendence. That is, I am aware that the meaning of life transcends or goes beyond your life or mine. From the beginning of time man has sensed that there is a reality beyond himself, and yet one in which he can participate.

J. A. T. Robinson, formerly a bishop of the Church of England, in his book *Honest to God* shows that popular Christianity has presented God as a heavenly, perfect person who resides above the world and mankind. He is the God "up there." Other thinkers offer the concept of God as "out there." Both views present God as a being who exists in his own right and to whom the world is related as the earth is related to the sun.

The late Paul Tillich suggests that we replace the image of height with that of depth. According to this line of thinking, God is not simply *another* being but rather the ground of *all* being. The difference between these two ways of thinking about God could be illustrated by first drawing a series of circles representing creatures that exist, with the biggest and best circle representing God—the person who is "up" or "out" there. Then, to represent the second concept, draw another circle completely surrounding the other circles—one in which they participate and take as the source and ground of their being.

To understand the difference between these two ways of thought we need to ask what is meant by a personal God. The older view comprehends a supreme person who enters into a relationship with us comparable to that of one human personality to another. For the view I hold, to say that God is personal is to say that "reality at its very deepest level is personal." Personality, in this view, is of ultimate significance in the constitution of the universe, and in personal relationships we touch the final meaning of existence as nowhere else.

To believe in God as love means to believe that in pure personal relationship we encounter not merely what ought to be but what is the deepest truth about the structure of reality. This, in the face of the evidence, is a

tremendous act of faith. Belief in God is the well-nigh incredible trust that to give oneself in love is not to go against the grain of things but to be accepted. Love is the ground of our being.

I HOPE YOU can see how this fits into my position that revelation is personal. It is to say, with Buber, that "every particular *Thou* is a glimpse through to the eternal *Thou*, that it is between man and man that we meet God." For this reason, the ultimate revelation of God came in the form of a person—Jesus Christ.

We are told that man has been created in the image of God. What does this mean? Does man look like God? Is this image some aspect of man's makeup?

I understand the image of God as a relationship within which we sometimes stand. When we do, we reflect the image like a mirror. The distinctive mark of God (the ground of our being) is love. We are most like God when we are giving ourselves in love. And love is not a substance but a relationship.

Man's problem is that he often refuses to stand in that relationship so the image is distorted. Since a man cannot live except in relation to other persons, the image is not completely destroyed. But his refusal to stand in the proper relation to the source of all being is the meaning of sin.

Sin, a religious concept, is not in essence an isolated deed. Sin is a condition of being, and the deeds we commonly call sins are expressions of this condition. To sin is to be centered on oneself. It is refusing to participate in that which transcends us. As a creature of both nature and spirit (spirit being that which transcends us), I am free enough to consider alternatives but not free enough to have open options.

THERE ARE ALWAYS factors I cannot manage, and this predicament leads to anxiety. I can either acknowledge dependence on God in faith and love, or I can make an effort to overcome insecurity by relying on myself. So man's problem is idolatry—he centers on himself rather than on God. He refuses to be a part of that which transcends him—the personal ground of being. Tillich defines religion as our ultimate concern. If your ultimate concern is other than God, then that is idolatry, or sin.

Anxiety makes us rely on ourselves, which produces more anxiety, and this becomes a vicious cycle. The Christian message tells us that breaking the cycle comes through grace, as seen in Jesus Christ.

In Christ we see God. But we must not stop there for we also see man. Orthodoxy has said that Someone from "out there" graciously entered into the human scene. He was not "of it," and yet he lived genuinely and completely within it. Often popular Christianity sees Christ as one who merely appeared to be a man. This view leaves the

impression that God took a space trip and arrived on this planet in the outward form of a man.

Jesus claims that he brings God completely. Jesus is what God means by man and what man means by God. In him we see the essence of the meaning of life—complete love. Jesus is "the man for others." He is the one in whom love has completely taken over, and the one who is united with the ground of his being. He was "one with the Father." In Jesus we see the "image of God" perfectly restored.

Modern man wonders how anything that happened 2,000 years ago can affect him now. We become separated from others, and from ourselves because we are separated from God. The godlessness of this inescapable relation to God is hell. But the union-in-love with the ground of our being, such as we see in Christ, is heaven. The cross and the resurrection of Jesus, long ago, say that the meaning of life is love.

Christ offers life to overcome the separation from God that is hell. But this comes about through faith—not through some "religious act." To be a Christian does not mean to be religious in some particular way but to be a man. It is not performing some ceremonial act but participation in the suffering of God in the world. It is an act of faith—not primarily intellectual assent but a realization of the personal nature of the universe and a commitment to love. This is the realization that you, too, are accepted by the universe.

There is more to my theological pilgrimage. I could go on to show how gathering persons to be the church is not only natural but necessary. And I could go into the false distinction between the sacred and the secular as many thinkers today are showing.

Instead, I will sum up my theology this way: The meaning of life is love. Revelation is personal. And the supreme revelation is in the person of Jesus. When man is true to himself, he lives in relationships of love. Sin is the denial of such relationships because man centers on himself and not on that which transcends him. Salvation is the awareness of one's acceptance in the world by the grace of God as shown through Jesus Christ. □



UNUSUAL Methodists

JIM GANNETT: *The sky's the limit.*

IN THE FACE of controversy and competition, Jim Gannett has maintained quiet confidence in the U.S. entry in the supersonic-jet race. As flight operations manager of the Boeing Company's SST Division and chief test pilot for the 1,800-miles-per-hour jet, Jim will test-fly the first prototype. "We expect the SST to fly in late 1972 or early 1973," he explained recently. "We are encouraged by the successful flights of the Russian TU-144 and the British-French Concorde. Their success only serves as a stimulant to our program."

Since his first plane ride in a Ford Trimotor at age seven back in Lyons, N.Y., Jim has had his eyes to the sky. He joined Boeing in 1954 with a master's degree in

aeronautical engineering and an Air Force career as an instructor, flight-test engineer, fighter-bomber pilot, and test pilot. At Boeing he was experimental pilot on the 707 and 720 jet-liner projects. More recently he flew test runs of the 747 jumbo jet. "It's interesting to be part of some of the improvements as we engineer and build each new plane," he said. "I also enjoy showing a new plane to airline management pilots and letting them fly it for the first time."

Jim's family takes his feats in stride. He and his wife, Eleanor, and their son and two daughters attend the United Methodist Church in Redmond, Wash., about 10 miles east of Seattle. While his demanding work schedule leaves little time for outside activities, Jim is president of Save the Sammamish River Valley Association, an organization devoted to comprehensive, planned use of open space and natural resources. He also serves on the pastor-parish relations committee at church. In their limited free time, the family enjoys sailing, horseback riding, fishing, and skiing. Jim also flies small land and float planes on short trips to Canada's back-country lakes.

When Jim takes command of the controls for the SST's first flight, his assignment will be to verify standards of operation, maintenance, and reliability for airline passenger service. Consider these statistics: a typical craft will carry up to 300 passengers; measure 298 feet long and weigh 750,000 pounds at maximum design taxi weight; travel 1,800 miles an hour at altitudes above 60,000 feet; and reach any location on Earth in less than 12 hours. Still Jim insists, "Landing a biplane in a grass field is as enjoyable now as it was the first time." □





CHARLES MARKER: *Only 26 miles to go.*

SHOULD YOU BE in Boston next year on Patriots Day, which is Monday, April 19, you could witness a race second only to the Olympic Marathon in prestige. Join the crowd where the annual Boston Marathon terminates and most likely you'll see the Rev. Charles Marker cross the finish line after jogging 26 miles, 385 yards.

"I find the discipline of running not only keeps me in superb physical condition, but it drains off tensions," explained the physical-fitness-oriented pastor. A boyhood affinity for strenuous physical activity has led to a program of exercise over the years. While serving in various charges, Mr. Marker has found time to teach scuba diving for the YMCA in addition to bike riding, squash playing, weight lifting, and swimming. In 1961 a YMCA coach suggested he add running to his program to make it complete. Inspired by reports of a 43-year-old school-teacher entering the annual marathon, Mr. Marker made this his goal. In 1968, at age 57, he finished the 26 miles and 385 yards in 4 hours, 37 minutes. In 1969 his time was 3 hours, 41 minutes and in 1970, 3 hours, 48 minutes. Patterned after the first modern Olympiad at Athens, Greece, in 1896, this race was transplanted to New England streets in 1897 by the Boston Athletic Association.

Many runners log more than 5,000 miles a year in preparation for their big races. Mr. Marker tries to average at least 50 miles a week. "I want running to be a hobby, not a way of life," he emphasizes. "It must take its place among my priorities, and for a Christian man it must always be subordinate to more serious matters."

Mr. Marker has served the First United Methodist Church of Moorestown, N.J., since 1964. In June of this year, Bishop Prince A. Taylor appointed him superintendent, Southern New Jersey's Northeastern District. □



CARL SCHNEIDER: *Brings wood to life.*

THE 16TH-CENTURY ART of marquetry is flourishing in Blue Earth, Minn., thanks to a self-taught craftsman dedicated to preserving this vanishing art form. During the 1930 depression years Carl Schneider was intrigued by advertisements offering free samples and catalogs. He ordered three kits for making wood-inlay pictures. "Go to work" became his motto and challenge was the name of the game.

"Experience is the best teacher," he emphasizes. "Bringing a scene to life in marquetry requires patience and strict attention to detail." The challenge involves choosing the proper grain, color, and texture from the 60 exotic woods he uses for each part of a picture. These are then cut to fit a carefully planned pattern before being glued into place, finished, and framed.

Pioneering new fields is characteristic of Mr. Schneider. In 1936 he was instrumental in organizing a rural electric co-operative for local farms. After 25 years of service he retired as the co-op's manager in 1960. In the meanwhile he had served as a school board member, assessor, town clerk, and secretary-treasurer of the local creamery. Members of Salem United Methodist Church, Carl and his wife, Martha, have four married children.

Recently commissioned to create pictures of the bald eagle for National Wildlife Federation, he cites this as his favorite work. "I prefer to make gifts of my art rather than sell it," he says. "I encourage others to become interested in a hobby—any kind—because of the personal satisfaction I've enjoyed." □



"Some real-estate agents tried to discourage my wife and me from buying in north Minneapolis because we are white," the author recalls. "But there was one thing we could not get out of our minds—the . . . low price of homes."

We Chose the City

By HERBERT J. MONTGOMERY

MY WIFE AND I were apartment dwellers and had only one child when we began looking for a house. We spent a year house-hunting in just about every neighborhood of Minneapolis and its suburbs.

Our small-town backgrounds had given us a love of space. We wanted a den, a sewing area, both a dining room and a kitchen eating area, full basement, and whatever additional rooms we could find. The more we looked the more discouraged we became because we were not in a position to buy a \$25,000 house.

And so we were drawn to north Minneapolis. We did all the things the real-estate books suggest—cruise the neighborhood to get a real feel for it; look over the schools, churches, and shopping centers.

It was typical of many American city areas. Negroes had found some of their first city housing there, on the

fringes of Jewish neighborhoods. The Jews had had a real community—synagogues, schools, delicatessens, and specialty shops, all within walking distance. As one of our elderly Jewish neighbors later told me, "It was paradise!"

But with the passing of the years and the moving of young Jewish families to the suburbs, the community had eroded, leaving only the older generation and their large homes. Then some real-estate agents began their work. Postcards, phone calls, and "in person" visits spread the insidious word that "the blacks are coming." And the exodus gained speed. Entire blocks of homes were put on the market.

Some real-estate agents tried to discourage my wife and me from buying in north Minneapolis because we are white. They intimated that they preferred black cus-

tomers. We recognized that the area contained quite a bit of blighted housing and that (what many people consider to be) the really tough part of the city was only a few blocks away. But there was one thing we could not get out of our minds—the fantastically low price of homes. One two-story, stucco, four-bedroom house in particular kept pulling us back to the area. It had an FHA appraisal of \$18,500 and a price tag of \$14,900, which was \$10,000 less than the price of comparable houses we had seen in other parts of the city. That was so ridiculous it scared us. "Open" as we thought we were, we did not want to become the only white family in an all-black neighborhood.

My wife and I agonized over our decision. We knew few Negroes or Jews, yet we considered ourselves cosmopolitan. In our small towns we had known the town drunk and other characters, but that suddenly seemed quite different from being within walking distance of an inner-city area which was the home territory of prostitutes, drug addicts, and destitute, possibly desperate, people.

Because we are writers, my wife and I thought this changing side of the city could be a source of experience to be found nowhere else, and we felt we were stable enough to face any future changes. What rationalization! As Christians, we knew the phrase "love your neighbor," but we didn't really know how you do it when the neighbor belongs to a different church or no church at all, and when he is black or tan.

So we talked at great length about what "Christian" and "community" mean. We had to admit that they were only neat catch phrases for people like us—white, with enough education to have good employment and the opportunity to live where we pleased.

Then began a chain of events which helped us make up our minds. Newspaper reports told of work being done by various neighborhood "action groups"—committees to improve schools, keep the zoning restricted to one-family dwellings in order to discourage slum lords, and encourage dissatisfied commuters to come back to the city. One winter evening the TV news carried a report about some families who had put up this-house-is-not-for-sale signs.

"They sound like our kind of people," my wife commented. Two days later, on a 20-below-zero evening, we bought our first house.

We have lived in north Minneapolis five years now, and I believe we made the right move. At 36, I'm an "old-timer" here in terms of our length of residency. There are renewal projects all around us. Low-income families, both black and white, are being displaced, and some of them are finding housing in our area. I'm encouraged to see that people here aren't running scared any more. There are still a good many older Jewish residents so when a "For Sale" sign goes up, most of us know the reason—one or two people in their 60s or 70s don't need a four to six-bedroom home anymore. Their moving is a natural change.

My wife and I now have three children. Our oldest is in the first grade. She attends a physically run-down school, but there are only 16 in her class and the teacher has a full-time aide. Young, open-minded teachers are being attracted to the inner-city schools in Minneapolis, and it is a joy to see them responding to the children as

humans instead of as authority figures, there only to maintain discipline.

There have been problems, of course. During two summers there were outbreaks of violence just six blocks from our home. I lay awake most of one night in a cold sweat, listening to sporadic shots and sirens. It was one of the few times in my life I have experienced terror, realizing there was nothing I could do. I knew then why people run.

Real-estate sales and prices dropped again. But as the summer violence subsided, more action groups formed and a we-won't-give-up attitude began to crystallize. A community center for young people rose amidst a block of boarded-up buildings, and black leaders began to be heard and sometimes listened to.

I do not pretend to know how it feels to be so angry-mad that one will burn and loot. But I do know that violence frustrates *both* blacks and whites who want to build and do not know where to begin. And I do know that small breakthroughs can occur *after* the violence. Urban renewal authorities try to cut a little red tape. Some businesses create new jobs. Training programs get started.

Like a forest fire or a disastrous flood, the violence gave our neighbors a rallying topic for conversation, a new determination to rebuild the community. A few more people moved out, though, including a minister who said he was moving to a suburb "where the people understand the urban problem and are doing something about it."

Our family lived through the stormy period, although many acquaintances could not understand why we would stay anywhere near such a possibly explosive area. Some of them even brought up that old "Want your child to marry a nigger?" idea. The question is so leading that I usually don't respond to it. I've come to realize that we take the future one day at a time. Maybe one of my children will marry a member of another race. Why? Because they are learning that color is only one of the things that make up a person. They accept playmates, or reject them, on how they get along, not on their color.

One day my mother paid us a visit. Some of my photos of the children were on a table. She picked up one, then asked my five-year-old, "Is this one of your Negro friends, Ann?"

"What's a Negro?" my daughter answered.

I was glad my mother did not have to reply. I'm not sure she would have answered it our way—not that we're trying to hide such labeling words, for we do explain them when the need arises. My wife and I have found that our children respond naturally to the idea that it is the difference in size, age, sex, shape, and color of people that make them interesting. We hope that in the computer age they will appreciate human uniqueness.

We chose the city for many many reasons including the proximity to museums, theaters, art galleries, libraries, and parks. We chose it for our neighbors, too—teacher, janitor, reporter, rabbi, truck driver, professor, and salesman; young and old; black and nonblack. Most of them have moved here in the past few years. When I meet them in church, at parties, and in meetings, I hear them speaking of action, not exodus. They make us believe in the city—and we're staying. □



The Islands of Parson Thomas



"TIME AND TIDE stayeth for no man," it has been said, but on tiny islands off the eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia time *has* lagged; and even the tides seem to gnaw more slowly at land destined for the sea.

"Tangier and Smith, mystic islands of the Chesapeake, are but a short boat ride from your living room," claims a real-estate folder advertising waterfront lots. And there's Deal, once known as Devil's Island, the developers could have added.

True, the family names, language, and occupations of

Joshua Thomas, early American Methodism's unique circuit rider, piloted his great canoe from island to island in the southeastern waters of Chesapeake Bay during the early 1800s. Fisherman and waterman extraordinary, he focused his ministry on three islands—Tangier, which is in Virginia, and Smith and Deal, off the Maryland shore.



Like their ancestors two centuries ago, the island boys are born to know boats. Tangier Island (above), as is true of the others, has the appearance of floating low in the bay at high tide. Left: A sailboat piloted by a youngster drifts at sunset off Deal Island; and (below) another boy takes over the throttle of his father's fishing boat as it heads out of harbor.





the island people have changed little since before the nation was founded. In fact, Tangier, Smith, and Deal are so deeply rooted in old-time Methodism that they are sometimes referred to as Methodist Islands, U.S.A.

These are the islands of Joshua Thomas, a Christian mariner and Methodist exhorter, who rode circuit in a log canoe during the first part of the 19th century. His name is better known in the islands today than that of Francis Asbury, and his memory is kept alive in a memorial service held by the island people each year on the Sunday before Labor Day.

United Methodist landlubbers, interested in a late summer pilgrimage to the islands of Joshua Thomas, may reach the Eastern Shore by way of the high bridge across Chesapeake Bay at Annapolis. One then heads south through broad fields of soybeans and corn, interspersed by wooded areas. Along this scenic route are roadside harvest stands displaying melons, roasting ears, peaches, and tomatoes. This is the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula, so named for the three states included in the long finger of land jutting down between Chesapeake and Delaware Bays. Here seafood restaurants serve up the rich bounty of the Chesapeake—oysters and crabs, fish of many varieties.

Until recently, with construction of an airstrip on Tangier, all supplies to the islands arrived by water. At left, groceries are loaded aboard the ferry which makes two trips daily from Crisfield, Md. Also aboard are tourists (below) shown as the ferry comes into Tangier harbor. The United Methodist church, most prominent building on the island, is at center.





Preaching to British soldiers gathered on Tangier for the assault on Baltimore, Joshua Thomas boldly—and correctly—predicted the disastrous defeat of their land and sea forces.

Capt. John Smith, sailing up the bay from Jamestown some 360 years ago, found many "Isles, Rivers, Straits, and places for Harbors and Habitations." A young tree growing at that time today is rated as one of the largest and finest specimens of white oak in the United States. The Wye Oak gives its name to a 21-acre state park. It measures 50 feet in circumference a foot above the ground, is 95 feet high, and has a branch spread of 165 feet.

The first evidence of Joshua Thomas's long-time island ministry is found in a maritime museum at St. Michaels, Md., although the islands more directly associated with the waterman-preacher are still a hundred miles to the south. In the museum is a model of *The Methodist*, a log canoe used by the parson on his circuit.

This remarkable vessel, far-famed in its own time, was one of two hewn from a mammoth tree. It was about 25 feet long and 5 feet wide, trim, tastefully modeled, and said to be one of the largest of its type afloat in the early 1800s.

Farther south, near the Maryland-Virginia line, is Crisfield, a seafood canning center, jumping off place into Tangier Sound, a beautiful sheet of water 40 miles long.

Approaching Tangier by ferry, one notes that the United Methodist church is the tallest and most prominent build-



On the grounds of the Tangier church, the state of Virginia has erected a historical marker to note the time and place of Joshua Thomas's prophetic sermon to the British. The woman in the foreground has returned by ferry from shopping in Crisfield. She walks along one of the narrow asphalt lanes which serve as streets. Most islanders travel by foot, by bicycle, or by boat.





"Brother Thomas...sits in the stern sheets with tiller in hand, and a keen, critical eye for wind and weather, scanning the condition of his sails and the bearings of his course." So reads a description of this woodcut (left) in *The Parson of the Islands*, a book about the waterman-minister published in 1861. His big craft, *The Methodist*, would not have been out of place among the log canoes sailing from St. Michaels, Md., in the annual race for the Governor's Cup on Chesapeake Bay. Events such as this, along with others of a church-related nature over the Labor Day weekend, did not succeed in cutting attendance in a 9:00 a.m. Methodist class meeting (right) on Smith Island. Such meetings continue the long-standing traditions of early Methodism.



ing on the island. The church, like the town, is well kept. Most of the homes wear recent coats of paint, yards and gardens are surrounded by neat fences. The harbors are filled with fishing boats. The streets—actually mere lanes—are intended for pedestrians and bicycles. The industrious, independent islanders retain much of the Elizabethan tongue spoken by the first Englishman who came to Tangier in 1666.

"Sunday morning finds the church packed for all services," says a recent visitor. "Perhaps 98 percent of the people on the island are United Methodists.

"It was like going to another country. The scarcity of cars, the difference in accent, and mode of living all emphasize this feeling. Years ago each family buried its dead in its own front yard—until most front yards filled up. Then a community cemetery was started. Now it is almost full."

A district superintendent said: "It is amazing what these people do for the church. Most of them tithe, although the only method of raising money is to pass the plates at services. In this way the church raises about \$25,000 a year and meets all financial obligations in full."

Old-time methods of worship characteristic of the earli-



Annual Joshua Thomas Day services in beautiful old St. John's Church on Deal Island are a far cry from the first camp meeting (below) held by the parson more than a century ago. The dinner in the church's parish house features the bounty of land and sea: crab cakes, crisp fried chicken, beaten biscuits, country ham, butter beans, scalloped corn, fresh peach cobbler, tomatoes.



est days of Methodism—even to personal witness and confession of sins and shortcomings—persist on Tangier. The men meet Saturday evening to pray for the minister and the following day's services. First Sunday service is at 9 a.m.—an old-time class meeting. Church school is at 10 a.m., followed by preaching at eleven o'clock. An all-age group meets at 6 p.m., and the evening service is at 7 p.m., usually with a packed house.

Like Tangier, Smith and Deal Islands also are strongly Methodist. St. John's United Methodist Church, founded on Deal in 1843, is the largest. The Joshua Thomas Chapel, built in 1850, stands behind the present church and is used for special services. The grave of "the Parson of the Islands" is nearby, and both the church and the grave were focal points of Joshua Thomas Day on Deal Island last August 31.

The father of Methodism in these isolated islands had to be exactly what he was—an extraordinary man born for the time and the task—a somewhat eccentric exhorter of the old school who was determined that no man "should pray oftener, preach more, sing better, or shout longer than himself." He was born in Somerset County, Maryland, August 30, 1776. His father died when Joshua was a small boy; his stepfather was a drunkard who drowned in the bay while returning from a mainland tavern. He became a local preacher about 1814, beginning an itineracy by water throughout the islands.

During the War of 1812, when the British occupied Tangier Island and made it their staging area for assault on Baltimore, Thomas had a warning for the British officers. "I told them they had better let it [Baltimore] alone; they might be mistaken in their calculations; for the Baltimoreans would resist them, and would fight for their city and their homes."

When he was invited to preach to the soldiers as they assembled to embark, the parson remained bold. He "felt determined to give them a faithful warning, even if those officers with their keen glittering swords would cut me to pieces for speaking the truth...I warned them of the danger and distress they would bring upon themselves...I told them it was given me by the Almighty that they could not take Baltimore, and would not succeed in their expedition."

After the British were defeated at Fort McHenry, Parson Thomas's fame as both preacher and prophet spread rapidly. He began his ministry in earnest, navigating the winding rivers and open bay, keeping appointments in all kinds of weather. He established camp-meeting sites, converted hundreds. Along his trackless circuit he had a number of stopping places where, overtaken by night or a turn of the tide, he was always sure of a welcome.

Memories linger longer in the islands, it would seem, than they do on the mainland—especially the memory of Joshua Thomas, a man who went about doing good almost to the day of his death 117 years ago. —Herman B. Teeter



Over the grave of Parson Thomas, United Methodists of Deal Island sing a memorial hymn to a man, dead 117 years, who "through heat and cold, in storm and sunshine, by day or night...was prompt to action in every call of duty; performing, as a father and friend, those ministrations of religion that have endeared his name to the hearts of the people." Later in the afternoon (right) members of a choir from nearby Smith Island board their boats and head for home.





From boyhood in a troubled land,
he struggled through years of conflict
and ideological change, seeking
answers. Today the man on the 'cycle is
student, teacher, preacher, and—

Bolivia's 'In the World' Christian

By HARVEY STOWER

HE IS A Methodist minister who holds his services in a Catholic church.

He is a gentle man who once was chief of Bolivia's tough secret police.

He is an award-winning producer of drama.

His mother was a Communist, his father a pro-Hitler Fascist who sent him to Germany for training in the Nazi youth movement during World War II.

His name is Alvaro Alarcon, a man of paradox, who today is a symbol of "in the world" Christianity in troubled Latin America.

Alvaro, a strong, bright youth, returned to Bolivia from Germany when the Third Reich was in its death throes. His parents were divorced, and there was no future for young Nazis in Bolivia.

The young Bolivian worked and wandered for a few years, seeking answers to the many problems that beset his country. His thoughts began to reflect his mother's influ-

ence, and he founded a communist movement in 1948. After the successful revolution led by Bolivian tin miners and peasants in 1952, Alarcon was asked by the new government, headed by Paz Estenssoro, to command the national secret police. He refused, and was imprisoned. Six months in a dank jail convinced Alvaro to take the job—and for three years he was one of the toughest *hombres* in Bolivia.

The decisive change in his life came in 1956 when he was encouraged by an aunt, a member of the Bolivian Methodist Church, to attend an adult weekend retreat. Theme of the retreat was "Whom Shall I Send?"—challenging the participants to attack Latin America's poverty, ignorance, and injustice.

Alarcon considered his own life and asked himself: "What am I doing?"

Returning to La Paz, he faced President Estenssoro and his colleagues. "Do with me what you will," he de-



Alvaro Alarcon, a forceful man, believes Christians must take a realistic approach to the problems that plague Latin America. Here he discusses his views with Tom Rouzer, one of four U.S. seminary students touring South America.

clared. "I'm resigning from the secret police. I am now a Christian."

"You're crazy!" shouted the minister of the interior.

"I hope that someday you will be crazy, too," Alarcon replied.

Although his decision was greeted with cynicism, derision, and suspicion, Alvaro was released from his post. For a year he was closely shadowed, and had difficulty getting steady employment.

During that year, church work filled his time. Then, yielding to the pleas of many, he enrolled in a seminary at Buenos Aires. When he returned to Bolivia, his first charge was in the town of Tupisa, where for nine months he preached to only his wife and three daughters. In addition, however, he taught in a high school, and there he succeeded in interesting some of his students in religion. He went hunting and cycling with many of the boys, and they began attending his church regularly.

"God used my bike to reach the souls of young anarchists," Alvaro says. "It created opportunities for talking about interesting and wonderful aims in life. It is heresy to confine God only to pages in the Testaments. God acts through the secular. God is in man's heart, not exiled in the cold stones of the church."

Alarcon left Tupisa to study philosophy in La Paz. The boys he had taught formed a Methodist youth league and held Sunday services. Today seven of them are ministers in Bolivia.

The plays Alarcon produced in La Paz gained widespread recognition—but created controversy among Bolivian Methodists. He was criticized for making his livelihood by teaching outside the church structure.

"Too often," he commented, "the superstructure of the church holds her employees by the belly. It is a danger to the people. They become dependent on living from the church, not for her. The church must allow for diversity."

"We already have too many Christian 'pickles' souring in a jar. The angels didn't make history. Christ did. He was flesh—a human like me. We must be able to identify with him and his struggle. The Bible doesn't end in Revelation, but in revolution—if we take it to heart."

Meanwhile, Alarcon's problems of establishing a ministry seemed almost insurmountable. When he was assigned to Oruro, a mining city on the Bolivian *altiplano*, he was without money or a building in which to preach. His first contact was with the Roman Catholic bishop who agreed to let him hold services in a five-year-old Catholic church. Today, he has a congregation of 15. Much of his ministry includes camping programs, drama, and work projects in the city.

This Methodist minister and a handful of priests have quietly put brotherhood to work. Together they have moved into talks between Christians and the radical political left. At first Alarcon was rejected by the Communists, but now he has opened up a continuous dialogue with them.

Frankly, he remains a Christian leftist. He hopes to establish *Movimiento Escolastico*, which he helped to found, as a strong, honest, primarily humanist movement in and out of the university world. He remains very much a part of the latter as a straight-A law student at the University of Oruro. He teaches philosophy full time in a high school, and is well known throughout the city of 80,000.

Alvaro Alarcon continues to fight the despair and injustice existing around him, devoting 18 hours a day to his role as teacher, student, pastor, politician, and family man. Said a former leader of the Bolivian Castroites who had his son baptized in Alarcon's church:

"I see the church facing reality in your ministry. I want to leave my son that kind of faith." □

The Weeds Held a Message

By BEVERLY BUSH SMITH

I HEARD the horses pounding down from the heights above our new mountain-area home, but I was too busy to look. I had just one more rock to pry out of the hole I was digging, then I could plant another pine tree. As I finished, two teen-aged girls rode past with huge bouquets of something feathery and wheat colored slung over their shoulders.

"What were they carrying?" asked my eight-year-old, Bryan, who had come out of the house to see the horses.

It had to be wild flowers from the hills, we decided. Then I forgot about it until the next morning when, having rushed through my household chores, I turned toward the yard once again.

This had been my pattern for the summer. I had blasted holes in the rocky soil with pick and shovel, hauled topsoil in my sons' wagon, and planted a succulent garden that included the huge cacti the children call "man-eaters." I had labored for weeks putting ivy geranium cuttings in the banks and watering them. I had planted a bed of cutting flowers. And, with sporadic help from my husband and sons, I had planted 23 small pines, 11 junipers, a gardenia, some holly bushes, a bed of jasmine, a tiny herb garden, and a supposed lemon tree (its fruit turned rounder and oranger until I knew we had, in fact, a tangerine). Still the three quarters of an acre around our four-month-old house scarcely looked as though it had been touched.

This August morning Bryan came to me in tears. Crawling down the hallway "for fun," he wailed, he had "stepped on" his finger with his knee. Now David, nine, was calling him "stupid" and agitating for me to take him to the beach. Ah, those last weeks of summer!

I could hear the exaggerated patience in my voice as I explained: "You know I can't take you to the beach. The car's in the garage being fixed."

David shed mock tears while Bryan, now recovered, said, "I wonder what those girls were carrying down from the hills yesterday. It was pretty. Maybe we could get some."

Half annoyed at being diverted from my one-woman landscaping project, I also felt half remiss that it had been so long since I had hiked with the boys.

"Let's go see!" urged David.

"All right, let's!" I said at last.

The boys were more familiar with the hills than I had known, and they led the way by a shortcut to where they thought "that stuff" might grow. I followed them, marveling (and panting) at the pace they set as we worked our way up a dried stream bed, then a deer path. At last we approached a knoll.

"Up there, I think," called Bryan. But the gray brush on top was not what the girls had been carrying.

"Why don't we go a little more slowly," I puffed. "Then we can look around us as we go. Besides, if we keep going, won't we pick up a road?"

A moment later, rounding a turn of the well-worn deer trail, Bryan shouted, "There it is!"

And suddenly we were surrounded by hundreds of dried strawflower-type blossoms. They were like asters, but only half an inch in diameter, buff-colored shading to dark brown in the center. They looked like those dried flowers, often dyed brilliant colors, that gift stores sell for a dollar a bunch.

Since they had shed their seeds, we decided that we would not be affecting next year's crop if we picked them. Bryan and I set to work with the garden shears we had brought. David held back.

"Do you really want to pick those weeds?" he asked. I paused. "What is a weed?" I asked him.

The boys thought a moment. Then: "It's a plant that



comes up in your garden that you don't want," Bryan offered. "It grows by itself, wild," David added.

"And when is it a weed, and when is it a wild flower?"

"I'm not sure," Bryan admitted, "but I'd call this a wild flower because it's beautiful."

Satisfied then, David began picking, too. Soon we each had a huge bundle. Insignificant in twos or threes, the flowers were breathtaking when they were massed.

After we have worked our way to the road and were winding down the hillside, I told the boys, "You know, I think these are beautiful just as they are. But stores dye them and sell them. I'll bet you could, too, if you wanted to."

The boys were enthusiastic model builders, and I could almost hear their two minds clicking. "Yeh," said David, "we could sell 'em and buy models, big ones."

At home we stripped the dried foliage from the woody stems, and I brought out the food coloring. First we sprayed color on the flowers, then we dipped them into it.

When the blossoms closed I was disappointed.

"Of course," said Bryan in his "Really-Mother!" tone. "Like in the rain. They'll open again."

The boys worked for hours dipping the flowers in the colors. Later they would net almost \$6 from the neatly, tied bouquets they sold.

I began arranging the natural-colored blooms into a huge centerpiece, enjoying their musty, honeylike scent. I was almost finished when the telephone rang. "The car won't be ready until late this afternoon," my husband said. "I hope that doesn't put you in a bind."

"Oh, no," I replied. "We don't need to go to the beach, or anywhere. We're very busy arranging weeds into bouquets."

"Weeds?" he laughed. "Don't you have enough of those growing in the yard?"

"Dried wild flowers, then," I explained. "They're lovely."

"OK. Anyway, I'm glad you're not knocking yourself out working in the yard."

I returned to my arranging and tucked the last blossoms into the vase. Then I carried the bouquet in and put it on the dining table. How beautiful it was! And how pleased I was! Here was satisfaction I had not found all summer in my own yard.

I had, indeed, been knocking myself out, out there. And after all my labor the deer had eaten the geraniums, only two of a dozen shasta daisy plants had survived, and the yard still looked as though we had just moved in. More important, I had been so busy cultivating my garden I had almost missed the beauty of the hills beyond. Worse, I had been so obsessed with my gardening that, deep down, I had resented time away from it, even excursions to the beach with the boys, or taking time out to read with them. Although I had been there all summer, how often had I really been with my sons?

Dusting the dining table, I remembered a gentle reproach from my father-in-law some time ago. "Isn't it more important to raise boys than to raise plants?" he had asked.

Just then Bryan rushed in, breathless.

"The flowers are drying now, and they're starting to open up," he announced. "They really look great, Mom!"

I decided suddenly that most of my digging, and planting, and watering could wait until the boys were back in school. And just in case I might forget, I made bouquets of dried wild flowers for every room in the house, even some gold ones to match the towels in our bathroom. □

John Holt-- Fighting Preacher

By SAMUEL G. BEERS



Doing research on Wisconsin's pugilist-preacher back in the early 1930s, the author obtained this old photograph of John Holt from a granddaughter of the Methodist pioneer, Mrs. Ralph Watts of Evanston, Ill.



ONE AFTERNOON in 1891, a Methodist preacher strolled down a wooden sidewalk in Durand, Wis., stopping occasionally to speak with acquaintances and church members. Suddenly, near one of the town's saloons, a swaggering bully blocked the 64-year-old preacher's path, loudly challenging him to a fight.

We can assume that the Rev. John Holt had heard that some loggers were in town, and that he identified his challenger as one of them. Loggers often stopped off for drinks in Durand during their drives down the Chippewa River from the white pine country to the north. And, after more than 30 years riding the rough and rowdy circuits of western Wisconsin, the preacher was accustomed to a certain amount of violence.

John Holt carefully removed his

coat, took a boxer's stance—and sent the logger sprawling.

"Brother, I guess you've had enough," he said after knocking his antagonist down three times. Then he picked up his coat and went on down the street.

Out of many such encounters grew the almost mythical story of the fighting preacher of northwest Wisconsin. In the early 1930s, I began gathering material on this remarkable man, an ex-prizefighter from England who rode the circuits southwest of Eau Claire from 1857 to 1902. I believed then, and I believe now, that such men should not be forgotten, although many like him have been forgotten. Their names are buried in moldy conference journals, their bodies beneath simple headstones. Perhaps few, if any, in the communities John Holt once served—from

Ono to Arkansaw, Mondovi to Maiden Rock—have even heard his name. But he played a major role in building the United Methodist heritage that survives in this peaceful farming area today.

The last half of the 19th century saw settlers moving in to open up this region, and not everyone took kindly to religion. Preacher-baiting was not unusual; disruption of worship services was a popular pastime, particularly at camp meetings.

The late Charles Lowater, editor of the *Spring Valley Sun*, told me what happened at one camp meeting he attended. When John Holt heard two young men "making a ruckus" at the edge of the clearing, he jumped from the platform, knocked each disturber down, and returned to the pulpit where he preached a typically vigorous sermon.

Another time, the preacher walked up quietly behind a gang bent on disrupting an evening camp-meeting service. "I'm 'ere, boys," he declared in his Cockney accent, sending the toughs fleeing into the night. At a meeting near Forestville, Holt took firm steps to disperse a gang of horsemen riding their mounts up and down the rows between the seats.

When I served as a minister in the area some 40 years ago, I talked to many people who had known Holt and could vouch for the stories I had heard about him. I also corresponded with ministers who had known him when they were young men, and was in touch with one of his daughters who lived in Tennessee. I dug into conference records and old newspapers.

The picture of John Holt is that of a man who was considered "an old-fashioned preacher" as far back as 1900. He preached and sang at the top of his voice, calling himself "a shouting Methodist, one of the noisy crew." When he entered church, he would come down the aisle swinging his big hat and singing a favorite hymn. Although he had little education—a fact which kept him out of the pulpits of larger churches—his fellow ministers held him in great affection and esteem and elected him as a delegate to General Conference.

Born in Nottingham, England, in 1827, John Holt was converted in 1844. He said he "learned to use my dukes" in the prizefight ring, but soon "quit fighting for the devil and

began fighting for Christ." He confessed once to having "a black 'ead, and my 'eart was as black as my 'ead."

According to one minister who knew him well, "he was a boisterous, outspoken, blunt Englishman." He could be abrupt and outspoken, even with church higher-ups. Once he raised \$1,200 by keeping the church doors locked until his congregation pledged the money (he started it off by giving a fourth of his own annual salary). He was variously described to me as a man of forthright honesty, grit, and a fanatical determination to bring salvation to the frontier.

In 1896, a conference *Advocate* noted, "The early settlers of northern Wisconsin knew him as the circuit rider who came while they were building their first cabins. He has been known to say after coming from some field of triumph: 'Bishop, if you have any hard and hopeless field, send me there.'"

The late Rev. G. H. R. Kershaw, who was Holt's associate at Mondovi and Eleva, told me that during a three-week revival the two averaged 20 calls a day, and he recalled one anecdote which illustrates Holt's fearless impetuosity. One day he boarded a logging train to find all seats occupied—all except one which a ruffian had chosen for a foot rest. When the man refused to move his feet from the seat, Holt grabbed them and slammed them against the wall. "Now sit up there, will you?" he said, and took the seat.

He enjoyed young people, taking part in their games, chaperoning wagonloads of them to church events in neighboring towns. One man told me that his first sight of a football was when John Holt brought one to a Sunday-school picnic.

He was in wide demand for funerals—and weddings. The latter he performed without official liturgy in about three minutes, and proudly claimed no groom had ever been speedy enough to kiss his bride before the preacher himself had given her a clerical buss. He dealt brusquely with young ministers who were often assigned to help him on his large rural circuits. Two of them, Guy Campbell and G. H. R. Kershaw, said he seldom complimented them to their faces but praised them lavishly to others.

Powerful in prayer, an exhorter

rather than a sermonizer, he was known as a successful church builder. There seems little doubt that Holt would have been—in fact was—a good businessman. When he died in 1902, he had accumulated some \$15,000 through shrewd investments made because he had faith in the country's future progress. At his death, the *Durand* newspaper noted:

"His pastorate in this city, which covered five continuous years, was probably his most notable. He found a disheartened church with a heavy debt. He left the church . . . out of debt and stronger in members and effectiveness than at any time in its past history. His work at Arkansaw also was highly successful and the handsome church without indebtedness is largely due to his efforts and plans."

Last summer I visited John Holt's grave at Durand. The headstone bears his last name, the footstone his full name, along with the dates of his birth and death. That is all. As far as I know, no one makes a pilgrimage there these days, and certainly John Holt's grave will never become a shrine of United Methodism. He was one man among thousands, but somehow unique on a frontier that spawned many oddball preachers. When the need for him was great, he was there. □

A Source of Joy

By NELLE R. LATIMER

WHEN I adopted my baby, she couldn't read or write. There's nothing unusual about that because most adopted babies can't. But my adopted baby is 72 years old, has high blood pressure, a heart condition, and a few other ailments. You would never guess it, though. She never complains, just smiles.

She lives alone, and her neighbors mostly leave her to go her way alone. That is why I took her under my wing, and in a way she has become my neighbor—if someone half a mile away can be called neighbor.

I had passed her house two or three times a week for years, whenever I was able to get about. I, too, am in my seventies. I have arthritis so badly that I walk with a cane, I have no car, and I do all my own work. Still, I was better off than Mrs. Smith (not her real name) because I could read and write.

Life had always been hard for her. Her husband was a likable fellow but a poor provider. They had one daughter, a beautiful girl, and Mrs. Smith cooked for a well-to-do family so she could clothe the child and keep her in school.

I had been the daughter's teacher in junior high school, and had marveled at the beautiful clothes her mother had made for her, knowing that Mrs. Smith could not read a pattern. She could not read a recipe, either, yet for years people raved over the delicious food she prepared.

Her daughter is grown now and is editor of a college magazine in an eastern city. Mr. Smith died recently.

That was about all I knew about Mrs. Smith until a few weeks ago. Then, going past her house, I saw how lonely she was, wandering about her yard or sitting on her porch with her hands folded in her lap, gazing into space. She looked as if she was in abject despair, and my heart ached for her.

I knew something of what she was suffering. I had lost my husband, too, and my children were grown

and gone. But I had my books and magazines. I tried to imagine what life would be like without them, and something said to me: "There's an opportunity to obey the command: 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"

When I got home that day I began to search among the little I had for something to share with the poor, lonely soul. Then it came to mind. Why not teach her to read? If I were she, reading would be my most coveted blessing.

"Are you crazy?" my reason demanded. "Don't forget you are 77 years old, crippled, and have no means of transportation. Besides, Mrs. Smith may not be able to learn, or even want to."

I almost abandoned the idea, but every time I would cast about for something else it would return to haunt me. I remembered something William Penn once said: "No pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no gall, no glory."

I knew there would be some pain, some cross, and some gall in making the attempt, and I wasn't looking for any palm, or crown, or glory; all I wanted to do was help that poor woman. I decided to give it a try.

I began to test my walking strength and found I could go farther than I had thought possible. "But," I asked myself, "can I hold out to take 2,630 steps to Mrs. Smith's house and back all at one time?"

Old reason intruded again. "No old lady can take that many steps at one time. Why not try it once, anyway, and see how it turns out?"

How glad I am I tried. That was four weeks ago, and Mrs. Smith already has over 100 words in her sight vocabulary. She has read through two primers and two first readers; she can write her name and her daughter's name and address.

The first time she recognized words in a book, she cried out: "I can read! I'm a learnin', ain't I?"

One day when she was having trouble distinguishing between where

and *there*, she turned to me and said, "I can do anything anybody else can, and I'll prove it to you."

I have worked out a way to teach her over the telephone some of the time now so I don't have to go to her house every day. But let me tell you this, only once have I walked there and back. A friend found out about my project, and she volunteered her services as chauffeur.

We are admonished to be joyous Christians, and if you want the most gratifying experience you can ever have, one that will truly make you a joyous Christian and an instrument of joy to those around you, go find someone less fortunate than you are who needs something you have to share. It need not be something big; it need not take a great deal of your time. It may cost you very little, but it will yield the greatest return of any investment you will ever make. Don't ever think the time has come for you to wrap your life in a napkin and lay it on a shelf. Just as long as there is something you can do to brighten the world, it's not only your responsibility to do it, it's your great privilege.

A few days ago Mrs. Smith stopped in the middle of a lesson and said, with all the earnestness of her soul, "I wish I had money enough to pay you for what you're doing for me."

The idea of pay had never occurred to me, and I exclaimed: "Forget it. I'm having lots of fun."

Tears came to her eyes, and she said softly, "I didn't know God made women like you."

The pleasure that had already come to me through friendship with a noble soul had been reward enough, now I was filled with joy. It was payment in full for the hours I had put in.

There is another reward, too. Mrs. Smith goes to church and Sunday school with me now. She has become an instrument of joy to a neighbor of hers, too, and she is trying to persuade her to come with us. □

Boy, 9, Playing With Gun, Kills Brother, Wounds Friend

A 9-year-old boy, playing with a shotgun, accidentally shot and killed his brother, 7, and wounded his friend, 6, on Wednesday in New Gloucester.

Boy Kills Tot

NEW GLOUCESTER

BROTHERS PLAY WITH GUN; ONE SHOT IN HEART

TWO CHILDREN SCUFFLE OVER GUN, INJURED

Two children were slightly injured Friday when a revolver over which they were scuffling discharged and shattered a bottle in a bathroom medicine cabinet. The children:

When You Keep a Gun at Home

By ARNOLD OWENS

ABOUT two o'clock one morning a man I'll call Richard Swanson snapped awake at the sound of his car being backed out of his driveway. A thief! Swanson reached under his pillow for the pistol he always kept there, stepped to the window, and fired. The car stalled on the far curb, the driver dead at the wheel. Swanson ran out to look around—and there, still safely beside the house, was his car. The dead man was a doctor who had simply nosed into a driveway to turn around after making a late call.

As a result of the accident, Mr. Swanson was a broken man. "My car was worth barely \$1,000," he said. "No amount of money is worth a human life, even if it had been a thief I killed. Two families were made to suffer because of my impulsive action, because of my stupidity in keeping a gun at hand."

This is not an isolated tragedy. In one form or another, it is repeated almost hourly. Guns continually kill people they are not meant to kill.

Many a householder has killed a burglar and shed bitter tears for years. Many of the victims are young. It is a horrible experience to kill any human being. No amount of money saved is worth it. Pride is not worth it. The only possible justification is in direct defense of oneself or loved ones and the need for this actually is rare.

This is not to say that we must let criminals take over. But what action are we to take?

Most authorities urge us to take no defensive action unless forced to do so. Let the burglar get out of the house, let the holdup man have your purse and jewelry, then call the police. Guard your valuables with insurance.

Brief yourself and your family in advance on what to do. Ask yourself, "Exactly when and how would I be called on to use a gun in my home?" No matter what answer you conjure up, it is likely to seem foolish once you study it. It will probably be based on a vague fear, probably based upon newspaper stories and TV reports. The chances are remote that you will ever need a gun, or have opportunity to use it wisely. Meanwhile the chances of somebody's misusing it are great.

You cannot just give a person a gun and say, "Here, defend yourself." You cannot leave home and say to the family, "You'll be safe enough. There's a gun in the closet." Any fool knows how to pull a trigger, but it is a rare individual who can be trusted with a gun in an emergency. The thing can do more harm behind it than in front.

In Houston, Texas, a young husband had to leave home overnight, so he left his pregnant wife who had never shot a gun, a small automatic "for comfort." In the dark morning hours she heard a noise, saw a form go past her window, and began shooting. She badly wounded the newspaper boy, then slumped to the living-room floor and had her baby prematurely and alone.

Another man got rid of his rifle after his wife shot

at a cat and nearly killed a neighbor. It was one of the smartest things he ever did because the next week he was awakened at 4 a.m. by the noise of a man "raiding my refrigerator."

"I probably would have shot him if I had had a gun handy," this man says. "The 'proowler' turned out to be a substitute milkman who thought he was rendering us an extra service by putting milk in the refrigerator as he had done for a previous tenant there. Later his boss, head of a big dairy, told me that milkmen are shot at every year by people who mistake them for prowlers."

You would think that by now we would know the danger inherent in every gun. We don't. "Women especially tend to think that because a pistol is small enough to lie concealed in a hand, it couldn't possibly be very dangerous," said a veteran police chief. "They think of a gun as a long, black revolver pulled by a big-hatted horseman to shoot down a black-bearded bandit. I wish they might see 'Exhibit A' so often placed before the jury in court. It's likely to be a dainty—but deadly—little parlor automatic that fits neatly into a woman's purse."

"Then, too, a gun is fascinating to many boys and men. Unfortunately, too many of these never fully mature. I know a 25-year-old husband and father who, as a hobby, spends time every day standing before his mirror, practicing a fast draw. He's a dangerous man to have around."

"Guns should never be available to untrained, uncoached, inexperienced amateurs."

Like most other authorities, this officer recommends that if you own a gun, you store it in a locked case. An open rack is not sufficient, even if "out of the children's reach." Every gun in a home should be kept under lock and key.

"But I'm no child," some adults scoff. "I know how to handle a gun." Yet the records are crammed with the names of those accidentally slain by "experts." Familiarity with a gun breeds carelessness. A Midwestern expert was practicing twirling his pistol—and shot his wife. A target champion in Georgia and a gunsmith in New York shot themselves the same week. Ask any Army target instructor how dangerous the pistol "experts" are.

Even assuming that you would be unlikely to do anything foolish, can you speak for your children? The records show you can't. In time, almost any boy or girl will take Daddy's gun down out of curiosity—and the statistics on the results are agonizing. If you must keep a gun, satisfy your children's interest by escorting them to a safe place and teaching them to shoot. It won't guarantee safety, but it may help.

Children have an altogether different conception of death from that held by adults. That's one reason they are prone to kill when playing with a gun.

"We face this fact every day," a police chief emphasized. "Kids simply don't understand death as we do. Imitating TV or movie actors, they think it's fun to point a play gun, shout 'bang,' and play dead. 'Dead' to them means lying still for maybe 10 seconds, not a sorrow or devastating loss."

"I've been in many homes where death had struck, and even if the children were crying it was largely because they saw adults doing so, and not because they grasped the situation. To tell a child, 'A gun can kill you,' is no warning. More likely he thinks this is a prom-

ise of fun. He wants to shoot and see somebody play dead. His toy gun is a replica of mine. How can we expect his young mind to grasp the difference?"

A few children will obey if ordered never to touch Daddy's gun there on the shelf of his closet. The majority will just wait until no adult is home. Or the neighbor kids will take the initiative.

"Your daddy didn't tell me not to touch his rifle," one nine-year-old told his pal next door. "He won't care if I just look at it."

That seemed reasonable. But in lifting the heavy gun from its open rack, he somehow touched the safety device and the trigger. Other children heard the shot and ran inside. The boy's little friend was, sure enough, "playing dead" on the floor. Everybody laughed and talked loudly, but when the "dead man" didn't get up, the neighbor boy was just old enough to begin worrying, so he went home and . . .

It is an old story. Officers all across the nation know it by heart. In this case the gun owner, not the lad next door or his parents, was held legally responsible. He had "maintained a dangerous temptation."

If you do have a gun for hunting, for target practice, or for any other reason, be sure it is safely unavailable to children and to any adult who in a fit of fear or anger might fire it. This includes you. The fact that a gun is present is a standing invitation to use it. The tragedy can begin in a split second—and endure for a lifetime. □

GUN-CONTROL LAWS

PUTTING the emphasis on local control of registration and sale of firearms and ammunition, the federal Gun Control Act of 1968 is designed to aid the states in enforcing their own laws by regulating the mail-order traffic in rifles, shotguns, and ammunition.

While most states have some firearms controls, attempts at uniform state laws so far have failed. Most states that restrict firearms do so simply by passing laws against possession.

All except five states prohibit possession of handguns by certain categories of individuals, including minors, fugitives, felons, aliens, and narcotic addicts.

Twenty states and the District of Columbia require a buyer, before purchasing a firearm, to fill out an application for the dealer or to secure a permit or license from a law-enforcement agency, or a firearms owner's identification card from a state agency. Of the states with no screening procedure, only a few require dealers to notify local police after a gun has been sold.

Under all but two screening systems, the state must give a reason, such as a criminal record or mental incompetency, to exclude an individual from owning a hand gun. Thus in the other jurisdictions, most people can own firearms without giving a reason. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Does prayer begin with God?

✦ Yes, in the sense that God initiates the best of man's life—his creation, his enlightenment, his freedom. This does not mean that man must wait until God moves him to pray. Man is free to create the atmosphere in which he can respond to God, who is always there. We cannot find God through our confused thinking and wandering minds without help. But

help comes only to clear minds and receptive spirits. This should come through private devotions and in corporate worship. Paul gives us the clue in his letter to the Romans (8:26): "Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words."

Why so much modern emphasis on dialogue?

✦ Very often the individual is lost in a mass society, as is the art of significant sharing with another person. In monologue, one carries on a conversation with himself. When it is over, the person is still alone. A debate is a series of statements aimed at winning points, and some conversation is like debating. In neither case is there any deep personal sharing, sympathetic listening, or complete loss of defensiveness.

We all hunger for a chance to be heard and understood. We need response that is not just counter response but deep understanding of our condition that will say an honest no to a point of view in order to say an empathetic yes to a person. At its best, dialogue is two or more persons talking and sharing in openness and honesty to the end that greater understanding and a sense of community will emerge.

What is meant by the unity of the ministry?

✦ To be a minister is to serve Christ by reaching out to others in worship, preaching, teaching, and action. These are such big tasks that some of us are set apart to do them on a full-time basis. But nowhere in Scripture is there a justification for a "higher" ministry and a "lower" ministry. Our Lord made it clear that "whoever wants to be great must be your servant, and whoever wants to be first must be a willing slave of all." (Mark 10:43-44.)

In his book *Ferment in the Ministry* (Abingdon Press), Seward Hiltner writes: "My thesis is that the ministry is a unity,

a complex unity to be sure but a unity nevertheless." From this point of view one can accept the ministry of the laity. He can see the pastoral ministry of board executives and the administrative ministry of the pastor in charge. Paul gives us the basic text for both the unity and diversity of ministry: "And these were his gifts: some to be apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, to equip God's people for work in his service, to the building up of the body of Christ." (Ephesians 4:11-12, New English Bible.)



Openly, With Feeling

By J. DAVID MOSS

Pastor, Greenville-Taylorsville United Methodist Churches
Greenville, California

"Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! . . . first cleanse the inside of the cup and of the plate, that the outside also may be clean."

—Matthew 23:25-26

THE MEANING of Christ's parable of the cups and the plates is that it is who we are inside that matters, and not what we are on the surface.

We can clean ourselves repeatedly with soap and water, add all sorts of deodorants and perfumes, and comb our hair neatly and precisely about our ears. But all this is nothing compared to the importance of caring for the cleanliness of our inner selves.

We can say all manner of nice things in a pleasant way to our neighbors, but if we really don't feel nice toward them, the words we use are actually hypocritical. We not only debase ourselves, we discredit all relationships—even our most intimate ones. This hypocrisy of the false nicety of shallow relationships is a peculiar phenomenon in white, middle-class America.

One of the most constructive things I learned while living and working in Boston's Negro ghetto during my

seminary years was the ability to be free and open with my feelings and thereby to communicate openly and honestly—humanly—with others.

Maybe it is because in the ghetto people are so crowded together that there is little room for privacy. Maybe it is because people in poverty have no reason to be overly concerned about their personal appearance (either physical or mental) and that therefore they have the freedom to be themselves and express themselves openly, honestly, and without any elaborate defenses. Whatever the reason, I soon realized that they would say exactly what they thought of you. This was refreshing because I always knew where I stood.

This is not true in the suburbs. Suburbanites tend to smile and say nice things to you whether they like you or not. This sets up a terrible barrier between some of us.

I'm speaking, for example, of the grandmother who does not want the minister to see her because she is ashamed of the disarray of her house.

I'm speaking of the mother who takes pills for imagined illnesses rather than treat her psychological anxieties.

I'm speaking of the man who uses his job as a means of hiding from the obligations of husband and father.

I'm speaking of the young person who uses sex or drink or whatever hurts his parents most, rather than speak of his hostilities openly and honestly to them.

I'm speaking, in one way or another, of all of us, for we use masks to cover our natural tensions.

Afraid of Our Humanity

Our society makes it hard for us to relate to each other on an intimate, personal level. We seem to have to cover our true and honest feelings in a cloak of elaborate defenses. We are afraid to show our naked humanity. One of the reasons our society is in such trouble is because, essentially, we deem our natural human drives to be ugly or dirty or unnatural. This is wrong! Everything in the Old Testament and most of the New Testament points to the essential naturalness of human appetites and desires. It is only the extreme gratification of these drives that is wrong.

Anger and hate sometimes are less destructive than the defenses we use to subvert these impulses. Expressions of deep feelings of pain and hurt are far more healthy than simply holding them inside where they will be distorted and twisted into the subconscious.

One of the most important and meaningful parts of the creation story is the relationship of Adam and Eve to each other and to God before and after the forbidden-fruit incident. The storyteller quite accurately portrays the original condition of openness between Adam and Eve, unashamed of their nakedness.

Though they did not have a scientific knowledge of the human mind, the authors of Genesis nonetheless were speaking about a psychologically healthy relationship. All was openly felt—the good, the bad, the joyful, and the angry. Once our first couple ate of the fruit, they knew the meaning of good and evil. They tried at once to hide parts of themselves behind fig leaves of shame, sublimating their most volatile and destructive tendencies—the very ones which should have been worked through on a conscious level.

Here are we, the sons of Eve and the sons of Cain, wearing our psychological fig leaves—too timid and weak to deal with our anxieties, our fears, our most basic and human and God-given drives. Hiding these things from our closest friends, sometimes even from our husbands, wives, and most intimate companions.

So our ills and evils fester and decay behind that well-constructed and elaborate mask of who we are. And how lonely it becomes after a while!

Dust and Divinity

Unless we can accept the fact that we are a paradox of dust as well as divinity, of bad as well as good, we will never be able to accept the complete humanity of other persons, and thereby we will utterly fail to relate to them as persons. Somehow we forget or hide the part of us which was molded from the clay of the earth. We try instead to exalt artificially the divine breath. This is one of the most common reasons why people fall guilty of gossip. By discrediting another person one feels that he can exalt himself. The result is a community of masked faces and evil rumor—a hell on earth.

Far better than mouthing platitudes, the real criterion for being a Christian is the way you actually relate to other persons—be they occasional acquaintances or

intimate life partners. If you are all tied up in knots over phobias, fears, and guilt, there will be no room for love and understanding between yourself and others.

God is ready and willing to forgive us our sins. If we can trust and accept Christ's message, his whole life as one great sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, then we can realize that there is no more need for the psychological fig leaf to hide all our sins from view.

Jesus was not overly concerned with outer trappings. He saw nothing on earth but faces—wistful and scarred, lonely and brave. Always, he swung the conversation back to the human. If men discussed the prospect of harvest, he would say, "See the fields of faces already eager for harvest." If men were absorbed in the meaningless quest for things, he summoned them to a nobler crusade: "Come with me, and I will make you fishers of men." Today he would lay his hands on all our institutions and ask, "What is the human issue?"

Jesus was free to be this human, this compassionate, because he did not concern himself with hiding the dark things of his heart. Many Christians are disturbed at Christ's behavior in the courtyard of the Temple when in a heated rage he overturned tables and chased the money changers out. "Could this be Jesus," they ask, "the Prince of Peace becoming violent?"

To me this incident is not a puzzlement but quite understandable and revealing, for it shows probably better than any other recorded incident his complete humanity. He was not afraid to express anger, the dark side of his personality, because this was yet an acceptable part of his whole person. He was an authentic human being who was the very opposite of a phony. He was real in all his relationships with other men. We should strive for this type of authenticity.

Honest With One Another

Whether our own relationships are based on love or anger or any other emotion, the most important thing is that we express to each other our true feelings.

One of the most important traditions in the Roman Catholic Church is the emphasis on confession. How cleansing an experience! What a great thing to be able to voice your darkest fears to another human being and not be turned away or scorned—instead to be *understood* and *forgiven*!

As Protestants, we can make our confessions in prayer to God and to our fellow Christians whom we trust. Each of us has an albatross of some sort about his neck, and it gets in the way of all our relationships. In some cases it chokes us into silence and makes us unable to love anyone, even ourselves.

Should you have an albatross, I implore you to seek the redemptive power of confession. Pray to God, yes—but seek out your minister or husband or wife or some other human being, and uncover your most troubled fears, your most sinister desires. Be forgiven, so that these things may be forgotten. When you are in the role of the listener, then listen. Sympathize as deeply as you can, grope to understand the problems and anger and pain of the other's heart. Forgive a person his most grievous faults and failures.

Just possibly in the confessing and in the listening, the loving presence of Christ himself will break through and restore you both to a new level of humanity. □

Letters

MAN ON POSTER NOT THE SON OF GOD

The article and picture on page 21 of your June issue presents a very disgusting idea of attracting teen-agers to Sunday school.

The poster of Jesus may attract many—but certainly not to a Redeemer. How can you encourage our youth to follow along these lines of becoming dropouts?

I was born and raised in the Methodist Church. I also accepted Christ as my savior in this denomination, but sometimes I'm puzzled at why I continue as a member.

It was because of Jesus that I, too, wanted to be obedient first to God and then to my country. It was because of this man Jesus that I practiced cleanliness in my speech, my thoughts, and in caring for my body which is the temple of God.

Yes, I come from a minority group, but my citizenship is in heaven, and because of Jesus I will inherit eternal life.

This man on the poster is not the Son of God.

MRS. ESTELLA BUSTILLOS
Santa Paula, Calif.

JESUS DRAGGED 'TO GUTTER LEVEL OF THE HIPPIE'

I am dismayed and disgusted by the low attempt to attract young people to the church school, as shown in the reprint of a poster on page 21 of the June issue of *Together*. This poster may have won recognition at a New York art show, but this may only prove it is a good example of mod style.

Why drag the beautiful Christian concept and image of our dear Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to the

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

gutter level of the hippie? Christianity does not need a low-down crutch such as this poster with its derogatory text. Keep our Christian banners flying high and strong, and tell the true story of His life and sacrifice.

The national distribution of this disgusting poster is shocking. A poster company is making a profit and The United Methodist Church is giving free publicity through their church magazine.

Do not forget that the great silent majority in the churches are conservative citizens, and they will finally be heard. Please remove my name from your subscription rolls.

CARROLL H. SCHUTZE
Southold, N.Y.

ARE POSTER PRINTS AVAILABLE?

In your June issue an article on page 21 refers to a Georgia Sunday-school teacher who designed a poster. According to the article, the poster is being distributed by a poster company, but the name and address are not mentioned.

Could you please tell me where I might obtain several copies of the poster?

R. FRANKLIN TERRY
Religion Department, Morningside
College
Sioux City, Iowa

In response to Dr. Terry's request and others, we asked Jim Hess, the poster designer, about the prints made by a New York company. He tells us the entire printing of 2,500 was sold and that his supply of the original design also is exhausted. He plans a new printing, however, and *TOGETHER* will forward to him requests for copies of this somewhat revised poster when it is available, probably in October.—Your Editors

STRUCTURE PRINCIPLES VALID

How principles come out in practice is always the determining factor as to their validity but the seven principles you shared for future church structure seem valid to me. [See *Church Organization: Structure or Stricture?* June, page 22.] I am especially grateful for your emphasis on collegiality. I hope the United Methodist Structure Study Commission keeps this in mind.

CARL E. KEIGHTLEY, Pastor
Preston Hollow United Methodist
Church
Dallas, Texas

TODDLERS, SCHOOL-AGERS, TEEN-AGERS NEED CARE, TOO

Thank you for Harriet Stacey's excellent article *Our Twenty-six Babies* telling the foster-care-for-infants story in the July issue [page 56]. Already our agency has had a direct response from it in the form of an offer to give temporary care to an infant.

We also need temporary homes for toddlers, school-agers, and teen-agers. These are children placed, by court order, in the care and custody of the Division of Welfare for foster-home placement while the welfare social worker attempts to help the child's own family to work out their problems. The goal is to make it possible in the best interests of the child for him to be returned to his own family. Perhaps you will give us a story sometime on this kind of foster care?

Both as a United Methodist and as a concerned social worker, I felt satisfaction in the article on infant foster care as an admirable presentation. Thank you!

MRS. ELISABETH ANGEL
Child Welfare Supervisor
State Department of Public Health
and Welfare
Kansas City, Mo.

FOSTER CHILDREN 'GIFTS FROM GOD'

We enjoyed *Our Twenty-six Babies* so much because we are foster parents also. We have had only nine but each one truly has been a gift from God to love and care for. We can't explain the joy we receive from each child or the feeling we have when each leaves, but we look forward to the next one with great anticipation.

Our three children have become aware of how fortunate they are in having their own family to love and understand them, and we are sure they will be better persons for this and that they have learned great compassion through this experience.

MRS. LYLE TRAXLER
Edgerton, Ohio

CHURCHMEN NEED TO SEE WHAT THE CHURCH CAN DO

Each month we look forward to receiving *Together*. After reading *Mission Possible* [May, page 23] by Patricia Sanberg, I feel much encouraged and greatly challenged.

I sincerely believe that if The United Methodist Church is to be effective, it must help its members realize what the needs of the community and the world are, to show them what the church is doing now to meet those needs, and to help them see what we can do now to meet the present and future needs of our local communities, our nation, and the world.

ALVIN L. WILSON, Pastor
Hope United Methodist Church
Hope, Ind.

COUNT BLESSINGS, DON'T CURSE THEM

So beautiful—and so wrong! I am referring to Donald S. Stacey's poem *The Crime of Time* [May, page 41].

Like so much of what we see and read today, it is a lovely gem of beauty that catches a half-truth and falls into ultimate error.

The primitive man was a miserable being, haunted by the classic four horsemen—pestilence, famine, war, and death. The discipline of time, or what Elton Trueblood calls "the plotted day," has done more to rid man of these curses than any other development.

Let's count our blessings, not curse them!

EDWARD E. DONNER, Pastor
First United Methodist Church
Point Marion, Pa.

CHRIST MAKES LIFE A JOYFUL DANCE

I am deeply grateful for the letter from Iris Martinez in your June issue. [See 'Lord of the Dance' *Is Lord of Life*, page 47.] Her letter defended a song that has been deeply meaningful to me.

In an earlier issue two of your readers had attacked *Lord of the Dance*, and one of them asked you if Jesus ever led anyone in a dance. He does me. I am 17, and since I accepted Christ in my life, he has led me in a joyful, wonderful dance which I hope goes on forever!

Another reader attacked the song as irrelevant and said she is praying for a spiritual revival.

To me, singing *Lord of the Dance* at camp with other Christians is a more moving experience than singing the most beautiful hymn ever written. And if that reader would open her eyes, she would see that a spiritual revival is going on! On one campus I know of at least four groups are bringing Christ to students. In The United

Methodist Church there is the lay witness movement, and more important there is the spirit of the joyful revolutionist Lord of the Dance!

FRANK FISHER
Madison, Wis.

AESTHETIC APPRECIATION LACKING AMONG READERS?

Please stop publishing some of the more insipid and doltish letters you receive, especially those expounding on the "wickedness" of your magazine covers, illustrations, and photographs. Someone might get the impression that a large number of United Methodists are deficient in aesthetic appreciation.

Your photos and illustrations always have been exemplary in the religious magazine field.

TED SCHILLER, Director
Washington Area Public Relations
The United Methodist Church
Washington, D.C.

JULY COVER: REFRESHING

Thanks for the July issue—and for the beautiful, refreshing change on the cover.

IRVING L. SMITH, Supt.
Oklahoma City South District
The United Methodist Church
Oklahoma City, Okla.

GENERAL CONFERENCE STAND ON ABORTION SUPPORTED

As a member of the Pacific Northwest Annual Conference, I wish to reply to a letter from one of your Seattle readers in the July issue. [See *Murder of Unborn Babies* Certainly a *Criminal Matter*, July, page 51.]

The reader states that Christians "understand about reproductive organs being intended for reproduction, not for playthings."

The average instance of sexual intercourse for married couples approximates twice weekly during the age 20 to 60 years. Obviously, the primary purpose of intercourse is not reproduction but mutual support including pleasure.

The Seattle reader refers also to seemingly increased sexual

activity in the present generation. The facts are that while there has been some increase among females, today's male behaves almost exactly like his grandfather.

Finally, regarding abortion, statistics indicate that two thirds of all premarital pregnancies are terminated by abortion. The present laws only legislate against the poor. Those who can afford abortions go to Canada, Mexico, Japan, or England.

I wholeheartedly support the action of the 1970 General Conference.

JAMES B. DARCY
Assistant Professor of Family Relations
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Blacksburg, Va.

'ELSEWHERE' A PUT-DOWN

Herman B. Teeter's *Letters From Elsewhere* column is an obvious put-down of the less educated. It is of no spiritual value and offers no aid to Christian growth. Shame!

MRS. ESTHER L. COX
Byron Center, Mich.

NO, IT'S A BRIGHT LIGHT

God bless Mr. Teeter! Just for his *Letters From Elsewhere*, I renewed my subscription to *Together*. Such homey philosophy and humor is a bright light in our world of confusion. May his kind never perish from the earth.

KATHRYN LING
Sheldon, Iowa

'WE LOVE OUR COUNTRY, BUT AREN'T PROUD OF ALL IT DOES'

I am writing in response to the letter of Forrest G. Stith [Communists Love Antiwar Activities, June, page 47]. I feel that Mr. Stith may be placing his country before his God.

The Ten Commandments have not been amended, nullified, or repealed, to the best of my knowledge, and the Sixth Commandment still says, "You shall not kill." Therefore, I am opposed to violence in any form. Mr. Stith dubs my type "yellow cowards who don't wish to carry their share of our national responsibility as citizens."

I am only 14. I have never attended a sit-in, lie-in, stand-in, or whatever. I've never been to a rock festival or a peace rally. I don't get high on pot and I

don't abhor bathtubs. In my heart, however, I sympathize with the peace movement.

Mr. Stith says the "Commies" take great pleasure in these activities. All I can say is that if they do, they have completely misinterpreted them. I believe that most of the people involved are sincere young men and women who feel as I do. We love our country as much if not more than Mr. Stith does. As Christians, however, we are not proud of some of the things our country does.

RICHARD D. BRUCE
Cape May Court House, N.J.

COLORED PAPER DRAWBACK TO TOGETHER'S READABILITY

I have been a subscriber to *Together* almost from its beginning, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to read on account of so many pages now being printed on colored instead of white paper. To persons of impaired eyesight this is a real handicap and means that these pages must go unread.

I realize that the pages in color are pleasing to many people and

perhaps enhance the visual beauty of the magazine, but to many of us they constitute a real drawback to the value of an otherwise excellent magazine.

DELPHA M. TAYLOR
Lincoln, Nebr.

NOW SHE KNOWS SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE

I have just read Dr. Wayne K. Clymer's *An Open Letter to the Churches About to Receive Newly Ordained Ministers* [May, page 56]. I was beginning to think that I was the only one who felt anything good could come out of a seminary today. This article strongly expresses my sentiments. Thank you, thank you!

MRS. JAMES FELLERS
North Kenai, Alaska

OLDER MEN, TOO, HAVE REAL CONCEPT OF GOSPEL

Dr. Wayne K. Clymer in *An Open Letter to the Churches* . . . is surely speaking for more than just the newly ordained. Some of our older men have a real concept of

the gospel and a sense of mission for our day, but the church is not ready to get involved. And perhaps without realizing it, our church is trying to mold its preacher after its own image, not God's. I'm pleased with Dr. Clymer's support and would encourage the church to "let God be God."

BRUCE W. CHARLES, Assoc. Min.
Grace United Methodist Church
Washington Court House, Ohio

KING FILM: WHERE CAN IT BE RENTED?

In the June issue of *Together* film columnist James M. Wall indicated that the picture *King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis* is available for rental by church groups. [See *Films & TV*, June, page 13.] Could you tell us please whom to write to arrange rental of this film?

Our church, First United Methodist in Green Bay, is planning to sponsor an arts festival celebrating "Man Alive." We think this film could be an important part of our festival.

MRS. STUART SMITH
De Pere, Wis.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Room 503, 1697 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019 handles rentals of the film. Churches wishing to arrange for a showing should write SCLC indicating the intended occasion for the film's use and the planned date.—Your Editors

REMINDER OF THE SMALL, THE NEAR-AT-HAND NEEDED

Thank you for the beautiful and inspiring inside back cover of the June issue. The combination of Olive M. Anderson's four small pictures and her poem, *The World Beneath Your Feet*, was very effective.

In our concentration upon the big, the faraway, we tend to overlook that which is small and near at hand. Thank you for reminding us of them.

Today's world presents so much that is discordant and unlovely that we deeply appreciate it when you print that which is beautiful. Such beauty renews the spirit, making us more ready to assume burdens which need to be borne.

MRS. BARBARA E. BUTLER
Solana Beach, Calif.

The Inner Man by Paul R. Behrens



"Would you believe—he's out right now, marching to protest environmental pollution."

'Let Me Ast You... What would St. Paul Have Did...?'

Bro. Harol Viktor
Lake Delight, Wis.

Dear Bro. Viktor:

As you ast me to do before you went up their, I am rendering herewith my report on your summer replacement in the church of which you are the paster 11 mos. out of the year, the 12th being Aug. and as everybody knows the hottest of the year down here but real nice and cool up their.

Things is doing about as well as Xpected, but your vacation replacement, Bro. Elwood T. Gaines of Chicago, is in a deploarable condition, the detales of which I will reveal in due time. At present he is rekuperating from a christning and baptizing he delivered to one of the Barlow kids at the Wild Springs brush arber revival last Sun., not to mention some unexpected things that also transpired while we was up there.

Bro. Gaines, being from a big city like Chicago, shud not have went up their in the 1st place. But he said: "Bro. Clutter I have always preached in brite and shiny places with rugs on the floor and ushers at the door. I have always admarred the pioneer cirkuit riding speerit, the old fashioned slambang, shoutin brand of Methodism, and the great old hellfar and brimstone preachers like Sam Jones and Billy Sunday, whom I have studied about."

Well, as you know since you was the one who sweet talked the victim into taking over your pulpit while you loll in luxery in your cotage on the lake, Bro. Gaines was never nowhere where he couldnt get to a phone, drug store, or street car in 3 minits flat.

So when he said he wanted to preach in a old timey brush arber, I Xplained it was a long way up to Wild Springs and the people up their

is different from in Chicago, or even in Elsewhere.

"I have come hear to study your ways and to face untold dangers unafraid, as I have done in the gettos and some of the suberbs of Chicago," Bro. Gaines said, fixing his fancy necktie and shining his specs which has glas as thick on them as I ever seen.

"Last night," Bro. Gaines continued, "I ast myself, what would St. Paul have did if he had the opportunity of taking the word to Wild Springs? St. Paul would have did it without hesitashun, Bro. Clutter."

When I ast Bro. Andrew, the brush arber revivalist, if he would like a sub on a Sun. p.m., he said: "Why, I would be proud to extend the hand of felowship to the Rev. Mr. Gaines. He can preach and pray and even baptise the Barlow baby which is due up for the chrisning next Sun., the 12th Barlow baby since '56."

Well, last Sun. we pulled out of Elsewhere, me and Bro. Gaines in the front, my woman Abigale and little Willie, our least child, in the back, and we wasn't half way up White Oak Mt. when a great big snake run acrost the road and I thought Bro. Gaines was going to jump strait up thru the top of the car which isnt in good condishun anyway.

"My goodness!" he Xclaimed. "Was that a venomous reptile, and is they a lot of other wild animules in these parts?"

"No," I replied calmly, "they aint nothing but small varmintins like rabbits, coons, possum, and a few deer."

"Well, I have faced some pretty big rats in the gettos that tested my courage," Bro. Gaines said when he quit shaking, which he had done about 1 hour later when we pulled up at the brush arber, which was full of people. However, there was 5 or 6 boys standing out back and one

of them was the big Barlow boy, name of Ben, who aint Xactly noted for good citizenship anywheres in the county.

Anyway, things went along smooth until Bro. Andrews said now we will chrisen little Billy Barlow, latest infant son of Beulah and Bert Barlow, and they come up front and Beulah handed the wrong end of Billy to Bro. Gaines who liked to have dropt the kid turning him around, which was the worst thing he could have did. That kid begun to squal and fite, knocking Bro. Gaines glases off.

I could tell Bro. Gaines was blind as a bat without his glases for after he wet the kids hed and handed him back he got down on the ground and felt around for his glases, and they was broke.

Bro. Andrews helped the poor man back on the rostrum and give him a good grip on the pulpit and turned him lose with his sermon which was all wrote out, and Bro. Gaines couldn't read a word of what he had wrote, which was about the problems of the urbin church.

Well, then he just cut loose Xtemperaneously like he was Sam Jones or Billy Sunday calling the heathren to the alter.

"Woant you come tonight, brethren and cistern," he pleded. "Come join me down hear tonite!"

Nobody come down to join him, they was so surprised. What did come to join him was a possum, but it come up behind Bro. Gaines while he was closing, and it jumped onto the alter rail right in front of the



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pulpit and skeedaddled down the isle and vanquished.

"Oh, my Lord!" Bro. Gaines Xclaimed right in the middle of a sentence. "That is the biggest rat I ever seen!" and everybody laffed, which is sakrilegous but Xplainable under the cirkumstances.

Well, as you can see, it was a tryin time for Bro. Gaines, your summer replacement, up their at Wild Springs. Little Willie he told me it was Ben Barlow that set his big pet possum lose in the brush arber, which I wouldnt put it past him.

As I said, Bro. Gaines is rekuperating. What I didnt say was he is hear at our place where we lead him to table for 3 squares a day, for his glases is still broke and the perscript-shun lens aint arrived from Chicago yet.

Bro. Viktor, let me tell you, Bro. Gaineses nerves is shot. He is a human wreck, and we hope you are enjoying all the swimming and rekre-ation up their while we make out as best we can down hear in all this heat.

Will close, since I am about to run out of paper. Dont worry none about your sumer replacement who is doing the best he can under the cirkumstances with a stout heart. But let me ast you. What would St. Paul have did if he was preaching to the Corinthians and a big possum jumped out in front of him, and his glases was broke?

Sincerely,
H. Clutter
Bd. Chm.



Films & TV

JUDGING A FILM by its stars and its ads is about as helpful as judging a book by its cover. What matters in a movie is the vision of the creative team behind the film.

Viewers who discovered *The Planet of the Apes* as a surprise hit a few years back might naturally assume that a sequel entitled **Beneath the Planet of the Apes** would continue the same treatment and theme of the original. The ad campaign, certainly, would lead the unwary ticket buyer to assume that he was going to enter once again that strange world in which apes rule the earth with humans as their unspeaking slaves.

The first few minutes of the sequel are indeed the last few minutes of the original. And when the credits roll over Charlton Heston riding across a bleak landscape, it appears that we are once again entering that land of A.D. 3095 where the apes are trying to create a civilization out of the world of destruction caused by man.

Instead of continuing the deft and sensitive touch of the original, **Beneath** becomes an average action film, distinguished only by its brief return to the ape village where the apes are deciding to go to war against an unknown enemy in the Forbidden Zone.

Charlton Heston, the star of the original, is in this film only long enough to establish continuity. He then disappears except for a brief return at the close. His place is taken by another astronaut (James Franciscus) who is proficient at reactions shots and who spends much of the film reacting with surprise at his discovery that New York City's subway system has become the underground living quarters of a mutant society which lives by its superior will power and worships the great bomb.

These two films provide an interesting contrast in commercial purpose and directorial point of view. Franklin Schaffner directed the first film and succeeded in transcending the science-fiction genre by creating a world of the future with a race of apes, played by humans in remarkable makeup, and making some not-so-subtle points about prejudice and war. There was a slightly campy touch to the original as Schaffner let the viewer know that he was very gently having a good time and making his points regarding man's absurd fears and hatreds.

The sequel, directed by Ted Post, is clearly designed to catch the summer action crowd. It takes itself seriously and spends considerable time with extraneous material, as though Post did not know how to complete his sequel. One example: a lengthy and vicious fight between Heston and Franciscus, ending when the two of them turn on a mutant whose mental powers had forced them to fight each other. This struggle has no purpose in the plot and serves only to pad 10 minutes of film time.

In the original *Planet*, the apes became personalities to which the audience could relate with pleasure. One of the best bits of humor in the original came when a female ape, ugly by human standards, refused to kiss Heston, a human, because he is so ugly. The audience so completely identified with the apes that



A military leader (left) and an elder statesman confer in the steam room over the crisis facing simian society in *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*.

we were perfectly willing to accept this evaluation of Heston and laugh with the line because for a moment we recognized that appearance is indeed relative.

In the commercially dominated sequel, the ape figures are used to create fear and tension. The film is not recommended for younger children because in this version the apes become horror figures, and the mutants who remove their "human" facial skin are even more so.

Twentieth Century-Fox, which is having its own commercial troubles, has done its public a disservice by producing a sequel that pretends to build upon a film of value and succeeds only in demeaning the theme celebrated in the first visit to the *Planet of the Apes*.

—James M. Wall

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

August 24, 8-9 p.m., EDT on NBC—News special: *Drug Addiction*.

September 1, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

September 1, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*60 Minutes*.

September 3, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Wolf Men* (repeat).

September 9, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Carol Channing Special*.

September 10, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Eskimos*.

September 10, 8-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*America* takes a reflective, sometimes wry, sometimes saber look at America: its beginnings, development, and pasture as a nation today.

September 12, 7:30-9 p.m., EDT on NBC—*George M.*, a special

on George M. Cohan.

September 12, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The All Star Circus*. Acts from the whale world.

September 12, 10-12 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Miss America Pageant*.

September 13, 7-8 p.m., EDT on ABC—*A Special Bunch of Friends*, stars Masan Williams and Pat Paulsen.

September 14-18, 8-9 a.m., on CBS—Andy Williams appears all week as a guest on *Captain Kangaroo*.

September 16, 7:30-8 p.m., EDT on ABC—*The Mad, Mad, Mad Comedians* (repeat).

September 17, 9-10 p.m., EDT on ABC—*The Many Sides of Dan Rickles* with Robert Goulet and Don Adams. □

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Teens

By DALE WHITE

JUST ABOUT this time of year the recent high-school graduates start getting nervous about what they'll face at college. Summer is drawing to a close.

That first year on campus: What will it be like? Will all the kids be so far out and radical that I will stand out as the square of all time? Will I have to apologize for my faith? Suppose they are all atheists. Will they laugh at my convictions?

Doug Pickard, a student at Williams College, talked to our congregation about religion on campus. I found his words very helpful. Perhaps you will, too:

"The first thing to remember about students is that they are contradictory. A young person today will contradict himself every other sentence. He's testing ideas, letting them in, trying them out. He doesn't mind confusion.

"Students today have a strong feeling for religion as Tillich defines it: **ultimate concern**. Although most of the students I know do not go to church, they have a great regard for matters of ultimate concern.

"It seems to me that many students who are most religious are also those who have most violently rejected organized Christianity. Many of these students have turned eastward to Buddhism and Zen in search of ultimate meaning. This is true partly because books about Eastern religions are more available today than ever before. Courses in philosophy and world religions are tremendously popular on campuses these days. Of course, some students go overboard in their enthusiasm for some cult, but most grow through insights from many faiths.

"A more dangerous side: some students believe they have discovered new religious experience through drugs. I do not want to defend drug-taking. But I try to understand why some have taken up drugs. Some say their drug experiences are very real and meaningful to them—more spiritual than going to church. They may be misguided, but many are very serious

and very intelligent. Church leaders need to ask *why* these students find worship services so empty and drug experiences so moving.

"Some students are disenchanted with the church because they believe it does not do enough to further social change. The church tries vainly to uphold an outmoded personal morality while condoning terrible social and racial injustices. These students accuse the church of hypocrisy.

"How can the church respond to these challenges? I think it must be concerned with changing both itself and our society if it is to remain healthy. I think the church must move outside itself. It must serve the needs of people around it. Our own church's day-care center for low-income children is a good example.

"Further, the church must take positions on important questions confronting society. It must get involved in the issues of racial equality and poverty.

"Worship forms in the church today turn most students off! They want to see some contemporary styles of music, art, and drama

coming in. They want to see vivid confrontations with people from outside the church. Would it kill the church to have some folk services once in awhile? Or to bring in some spokesmen from alienated groups to tell us what we have to do to bring reconciliation?

"So you see, students today are very religious. They are contradictory, yes. But that is because they are open to all possible ideas and experiences which can meet their hunger for the ultimate concerns."



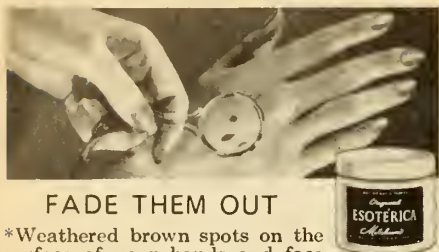
I have an unusual problem. I have been in love with a boy for five years. He has just recently turned 19 and I am 18. Marriage is out of the question. We are first cousins. He lives about five states from me but we have been writing to each other as regular as clockwork until last year. We stopped writing because we kept getting more and more serious about each other. Every now and then I will receive a nice gift from him and



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1959 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Beat by a girl! It never would have happened, but I hit one of my brilliant streaks of mediocrity!"

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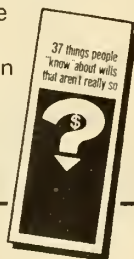
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then I will write him a thank-you note. But that is the extent of our communication.

This summer our parents are going to a family reunion. Of course they want us to go along. What should we do when we see each other? I want to see him very badly, but we both know that is the worst possible thing. What should we do? We love each other so much! Please help us!—D.K.

Seeing each other may not be that bad, if the situation is controlled enough to prevent romantic entanglement. I suspect that a lot of fantasy is involved in your love. Hopeless love often takes on a dramatic, day-dreamy quality. Love between close relatives is especially full of fantasy. We pick out certain ideal qualities in the person loved and are drawn to those images as a way of fulfilling deep longings inside ourselves.

Think about the way a little girl idealizes her father or big brother. She sees only heroic qualities in him. Some time in adolescence she begins to see the real person in a more balanced light. Then her love matures into a solid, realistic understanding and appreciation.

You could use the reunion as a way to get acquainted with your cousin as he *really* is, not as your dreams need him to be. Have some long talks with your mother about his family history. Test your ideas and feelings about him with her. She could help you to see the real flesh-and-blood person behind your fantasies.



I have a problem that might seem very silly, but it's true. I am honestly afraid of my father! When he comes into a room I usually leave. At the table I can't even eat for being so nervous. Please help!—M.S.

The problem may be primarily in your father, in you, or in the family circle as a whole. Sometimes a young person will sense a deep, violent anger in his father. The father may be a fine person and hide his inner rage most of the time, but the kids pick it up on radar.

Sometimes the father, unfortunately, is a violent person. You could have been the target of his unpredictable wrath over many years. Or if you are a girl, you

could be reacting to the way he treats your mother. In that case your fear is realistic. It will go away only when you find enough inner strength to keep him from hurting you, or when he changes, or you can move away from home.

The problem may be mainly in you. You could be hung up on the feelings you got as a small child when you were punished by him. If you are a boy, the normal sense of competition a boy feels with his father could be involved. You could be angry that he always outclasses you or overpowers you. Your own secret wishes to get the best of him might make you afraid he will read your mind and punish you for your thoughts.

Probably the whole family is involved in subtle patterns of anger and fear, and you are the symptom bearer. Whatever the cause, a few sessions with a professional counselor could change the patterns. Find somebody you can discuss this with. Your pastor probably knows the entire family. You could start by talking with him.



I am a boy, 17. I feel 90. My parents and I used to be close, though most of my problems I would discuss with my sister. Now I cannot. She has been in college two years.

My parents don't seem to want to go halfway with me and are irritable. All I ever hear about is tight money and their problems. I've never seen anyone making their kind of money fuss so much over it. My father is tired of his profession, but not of spending.

This past summer, I went with a girl two years younger than I. Of all the girls I have dated, this girl has to be the one for me. Almost 8 months later, I want her so badly I think I will die. We go to different schools, and when we do see each other, it is only to say "Hi" or a silent stare.

Relations with my parents have worsened to the point that there isn't much left. I've gotten speeding tickets, smoked, and gotten drunk, all since my girl and I broke up. Grades have dropped two letters, and I was picked up walking around town at 4:00 a.m.

I used to be real popular and still have a few loyal friends. In fact, I was president of our class last year. Since then, I have dropped nearly all school activities and



developed a lazy I-don't-care attitude. I've lost respect and pride from my parents, faculty, and friends. I almost got our school put on probation vandalizing another school with a group of boys. Honestly, I've lost it all in a year.

When I become frustrated, I usually take out the hot car my father and I bought together, and wreak my temper on the road. I have thought of suicide—many times. I just can't get hold of myself and have lost what confidence I used to have. My father has threatened to sell the car and retract his promise to put me through college.

Though I've quit attending church, I haven't dropped the feeling that use of God's name in vain is wrong. Please help me.—R.B.

You seem to have gone into one of those downhill tailspins which hit young people so hard sometimes. Call it a depression, an identity crisis, or whatever. Once this kind of thing gets going it feeds on its own energy, like a hurricane.

What triggered it is hard to say. It may be despair at seeing how bankrupt your father's life has become. In spite of all the rebellion, young men do tend to model their lives on the values they see in their father. Now if his life has come to a dead end after years of hard work, you could be seeing your own future dry up before your eyes. The grief at loss of your girl could be the wound which let the despair infect your system.

You and your family need a counselor. You would be a lot better off if you sold that hot car and put the money into counseling. Who is doing good work with adolescents in your area? Your guidance counselor, pastor, or mental-health association could tell you. Not all psychiatrists are good with adolescent adjustment problems, but they often work with a fine staff of counselors who are skilled in helping kids to find themselves. Inquire around. Your area should have good services.



I am a 14-year-old girl. I think everyone has a right to be mad once in a while, but my mother acts as if it's terrible for me to be mad.

It sounds funny, but it's true. When I'm angry about something, I tend to stomp around and turn

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Young black man on the way up—a sign of the '70s:
Donald Lusk, Chicago executive, with his family.

Coming Next Month:

The Changing Family In a Changing World

A special issue focused on Family Life today

IN A technological age of computers, instantaneous global communication, space exploration, and high mobility, the family as we know it is being subjected to stresses that appear to be tearing it apart.

Ours has become an era of intense social and economic pressures, of rebellious youth, of increased drug use, sexual laxity, and a high divorce rate. The "establishment" is being besieged. The image of father as an authority image is fading. And the sons of many men who patriotically went to war now give patriotism as their reason for refusing to bear arms.

What, then, is the role of the Christian family in our changing world?

TOGETHER's October issue takes a realistic view of the family in these critical times. Both in pictures and in articles, this issue anticipates the 1970 United Methodist Family Life Conference to be held in Chicago, October 8 to 11. The theme of that conference is *Christian Families Face Up*.

That theme, too, is the emphasis of our next issue—one we think will be thought-provoking and helpful to all members of your own family.

—Your Editors

my radio up too loud. My mother does it, too. Shouldn't she set a good example? Please suggest ways I can work off steam that won't annoy others.—N.N.

Yes, I do think kids have the right to be angry once in awhile. Being human, they actually have little choice in the matter. The real tests of character are: What do you get angry about? How do you handle your anger?

In one seventh-grade class each member was asked to tell what makes him very angry. After making a list, the group decided that anger was justified in almost all the situations.

These were some items on the list: "When someone makes fun of a handicapped person." "When whites are mean to blacks just because they are black." "When no one will listen to my side of things."

"When I get four Bs and an A on my report card, and then get yelled at for the one C." "When big kids bully little kids." "When someone you think is your friend tells lies about you." "When someone is your friend only when his other friends aren't around."

"When Mom and Dad say 'No' without saying why or even discussing the problem." "When my big sister always tells on me and then laughs at me when I get in trouble."

How do we handle anger? Counselors believe it is better for people to express their strong feelings than to hide them from themselves and others. Also, it is better to express strong feelings in direct, clear words than to slam around kicking things or otherwise communicating in code.

And you can express the fact of your anger without insulting people. You can say, "Mom, I know you have good reasons, and I'm willing to abide by your decision, but I still feel really burned up about it!" Talking out anger with a neutral third party is good, too.

The best discussion of ways to handle anger is found in *Between Parents and Teenager* by Dr. Haim G. Ginott (Macmillan \$5.95).

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

—Your Editors

BOOKS

ONLY 25 years have passed since Dietrich Bonhoeffer was hanged for his part in a conspiracy to assassinate Hitler. But for what already seems like a long time, the name of that mild-looking German theologian who died before he was 40 has been the touchstone for Christians who are convinced that faith must be expressed in action as well as reflection.

Now Bonhoeffer's best friend, Eberhard Bethge, has written a definitive biography that is authoritative and absorbing. One of the special strengths of **Dietrich Bonhoeffer** (Harper & Row, \$17.95) is that it abstains from adjectives and tells us what kind of man Bonhoeffer was through what he did and the things he said.

Born into a distinguished and loving family, he was a brilliant young man to whom success came early. Fellow theologians listened to him; children and young people in classes he taught loved him. His ecumenical contacts were worldwide, and in 1939, when Germany's troubles were apparent, he was safe in the United States and could have stayed here. But he returned to his work in Germany. "I will have no right to participate in the reconstruction of Christian life in Germany after the war if I do not share the trials of this time with my people," he wrote. "Christians in Germany will face the terrible alternative of either willing the defeat of their nation in order that Christian civilization may survive, or willing the victory of their nation and thereby destroying our civilization. I know which of these alternatives I must choose; but I cannot make that choice in security." His choice led him to become a courier with Admiral Canaris' Counter-Espionage Service, maintaining links abroad through visits to Sweden and Switzerland. He was part of Operation Seven, which enabled seven Jews to escape to Switzerland, a small operation but one that nearly cost him his life. And he was an integral part of the conspiracy to assassinate Adolf Hitler.

Bethge's association with him began in 1935, when Bethge entered the Confessing Church's newly founded seminary at Zingst. Dietrich Bonhoeffer was the seminary's head. Bethge became a kind of assistant to him, and a close friendship grew between the men. Bethge often stayed at Bonhoeffer's parents' house, and in 1943 he married Bonhoeffer's niece. During the early days of Bonhoeffer's imprisonment Bethge was able to visit him several times. Contact was broken off when Bethge, too, was arrested in 1944. The Gestapo omitted investigating Bethge's relations with Bonhoeffer, however, and he survived.

After Bonhoeffer's death in 1945, his family entrusted Bethge with his unpublished theological work, *Ethics*, published in 1949, the surviving parts of his library, and most of his papers. And so Eberhard Bethge, who had wished to become a minister, became the channel through which other Bonhoeffer works would flow to shake up the Christian world. Now, in *Dietrich Bonhoeffer*, he gives us the book that ties these together and to the man. It is a magnificent contribution.

Its translation from German to English was the



Dietrich Bonhoeffer . . . man of action as well as reflection.




Mr. Rock Hudson

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If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society. 

work of a group of translators under the editorship of Edwin Robertson. These were Eric Mosbacher, Peter and Betty Ross, Frank Clarke, and William Glen-Doepel.

Everybody's favorite baseball pitcher, Charles M. Schulz's beloved Charlie Brown, travels to New York City for the finals in the national spelling bee in **A Boy Named Charlie Brown** (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$5.95.) He copes with such familiar words as failure and insecure but trips up on beagle.

How he learns that the world didn't end with his defeat is the climax of this saga, which is based on the first full-length motion picture to feature the Peanuts gang. A book, obviously, for everybody in the family, from Junior to Grandma.

If your young fry are beginning to find time a little heavy on their hands as summer gets older, **Ed Emberley's Drawing Book of Animals** (Little, Brown, \$2.95) should divert them. Emberley, who is an unusually creative and successful author and illustrator of children's books, breaks down drawing to simple elements like triangles, oblongs, dots, curlicues, even letters and numbers. Then he shows how these can be put together to form animals.

It is hard to give an age range for this book. I think it could be for bright parents as well as youngsters in almost any grade.

"What was it really like during the Depression?" a friend who is under 30 asked me once. "My father wouldn't talk about it . . ."

Hard Times (Pantheon, \$8.95) is a collection of interviews with a lot of people who did talk about it to a Chicagoan named Studs Terkel.

Terkel has a genius for getting people to tell him what really happened and how they really felt, and the era of the thirties comes vividly and painfully alive again in this book.

Terkel himself was born in 1912 and graduated from the University of Chicago in 1932. He now has a highly regarded daily radio program on a Chicago FM station.

In Spanish, *sal si puedes* means, roughly, escape if you can. Peter Matthiessen has given this title to a forceful book on the California grape strike. **Sal Si Puedes** (Random House, \$6.95) is both an account of a non-violent revolution and a personal

portrait of its leader, Cesar Chavez.

" . . . Chavez is one of the few public figures that I would go 10 steps out of my way to meet," says Matthiessen. "Besides, the farm workers' plight is related to all of America's most serious afflictions: racism, poverty, environmental pollution, and urban crowding and decay—all of these compounded by the waste of war."

Stan Steiner broadens the focus to include all Mexican-Americans and the brown-power movement that has spread from Texas to California in **La Raza: The Mexican Americans** (Harper & Row, \$8.95). Like *Sal Si Puedes*, this book is unshakably partisan and strongly stated.

Either or both of these books would be interesting background for the story on the New Life Mission in El Paso that begins on page 2 of this issue.

Wilfred M. Bailey and William K. McElvaney are United Methodist ministers in neighboring Dallas suburbs. Mr. Bailey is no stranger to laymen who have seen the film *These Four Cozy Walls*, which centers on the choices and commitments made by the Casa View Methodist Church. Mr. McElvaney serves Northaven United Methodist Church, and formerly was pastor of St. Stephen Church in Mesquite, Texas, where people worship in one of the most interesting and innovative church buildings in the country. Between them the two ministers have spent some 25 years as pastors in suburbia.

Christ's Suburban Body (Abingdon, \$4.95) is their joint effort to assess signals of hope and challenge from the suburban scene. It is a scene that holds a vast reservoir of affluence and influence. But if suburban people are going to fulfill their potential of determining that America will move toward a rehumanizing style of life rather than a dehumanizing mode, they believe that suburban churches must assume some of the experimental aspects of the underground church, adopting new priorities and initiating new forms. Then, by faithfulness to the gospel and wise deployment of resources, suburban churches can increase their effectiveness in the sphere of public responsibility.

The two ministers have written a positive, helpful book that goes beyond theory to explore the role of task groups, of corporate and individual actions, and of ecumenical co-operation.

Robert A. Raines, former pastor of a United Methodist Church in Philadelphia, has taken a wide variety of

excerpts from his personal reading and put them in a setting of Scripture passages and his own responses in **Soundings** (Harper & Row, \$3.95). It is not an unusual format for a book of meditations, but Robert Raines is a highly creative thinker, so the book is a positive addition to this field of literature.

The greatest risk of becoming a leader is that nobody around you says no to you any more. And nobody suffers more from this than the President of the United States.

George E. Reedy, who was a working reporter in Washington and then press secretary and special assistant to then President Lyndon B. Johnson, examines this problem in **The Twilight of the Presidency** (NAL, World, \$6.95). He suggests an answer, based loosely on the British parliamentary system, but he knows very well that the American people are not ready to make such a drastic change.

This is a valuable book, and an interesting one as Reedy blames the isolation of the presidency for some of the political bloopers made by otherwise politically astute presidents.

The author of **Each Other's Victims** (Scribners, \$5.95) has lived the nightmare every parent hopes won't come true. He found his 18-year-old son, Ricky, living in an East Village pad, heard him say coolly that he was regularly "shooting speed," with occasional LSD trips.

Shocked and desperate after discovering that neither friends nor physicians, nor even his divorced wife, the boy's mother, had any help for his son, he began visiting Ricky and his East Village friends, day after day, until he was accepted as part of the scene and yet shut out.

Milton Travers (a pseudonym which is the only evasion connected with this compassionate and honest book) is a writer, and a good one, able to get people to talk to him. The young people he found in the drug scene tear at your heart with their reality and their vulnerability. And Travers' own relationship with his son, flawed yet indestructible, is fully shared. Reading **Each Other's Victims** is an unforgettable experience.

Krishna Nehru Hutheesing died before she could complete **Dear to Behold** (Macmillan, \$5.95), and her husband, Raja Hutheesing, did the final work on this family portrait of

"The best work of its kind so far produced."
—William F. Albright



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"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

At our house, everyone holds hands while grace is said. The custom was unfamiliar to one recent young dinner guest. When we had finished, she said: "I'm going to ask Mom to let us hold hands when we ask the blessing. Then my brothers can't start eating before we finish."

—MRS. ERMA REYNOLDS, Longmeadow, Mass.

The minister asked the boy if he said his prayers before going to bed. "No, my mother says them," the boy replied.

"What does she say?"

"Thank God he's in bed."

—MARY BALL, Bartonville, Ill.

Announcement in church bulletin:

"Baptismal services will be held at the east side and west side of the church. Babies will be baptized at both ends."

—B. J. SOLUM, St. Paul, Minn.

I had been asked to speak at a Women's Society meeting on the subject of Existentialism. It didn't take long to find out what two of the ladies thought of the subject.

The devotional leader began the program by saying, "Let us stand to sing. We'll be sitting long enough later on."

Immediately following my talk, the program chairman asked her group, "Do you want a speaker at the next meeting, or do you just want to enjoy yourself?"

—THE REV. HOWARD D. HUDDLESON
Drumore, Pa.

A ladies church group in Cape May County, N.J., proudly advertised:

"We're giving the country what it needs—a good five-cent bazaar."

—CHARLES VINCENT MATHIS
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N.J.

India's prime minister, Indira Gandhi. It is an appreciative, loving book, not written in great depth or objectivity but offering a close view of the first woman in history to head a nation of almost half a billion people. Mrs. Hutheesing was Mrs. Gandhi's aunt.

"For a desert to be born there must be water and wind and great upheavals in the earth's crust. But most of all there must be a span of time—time whose total overwhelms the mind."

The Wild Young Desert (Scribners, \$4.95) is Ann Atwood's love song to the starkly beautiful country of America's Southwest. Her pictures of buttes and dunes, of desolate river beds and delicate patterns left by wind and water, of flowering cactus and small, furry rabbits have the same elegiac quality as her words. And her words are more poetry than prose.

This book is a delight.

In **Along Sandy Trails** (Viking, \$4.95) words by Ann Nolan Clark and photographs by Alfred A. Cohn re-create a walk taken by a Papago Indian grandmother and granddaughter together in the Arizona desert. All girls from 7 to 10, and perhaps some boys, too, will find it easy to put themselves in the lively little Indian girl's blue and white sneakers.

Sumer was thought to be the world's first high civilization until a Danish archaeological expedition uncovered overwhelming evidence that an even older high civilization was flourishing along the Persian Gulf almost 3,000 years ago. This was Dilmun, the legendary land of immortality referred to in Assyrian records and the Gilgamesh Epic.

South Arabia was not the empty expanse of rocks, dry salt pans, and desert then that it is today. It was a verdant land, and it lay in the maritime highway between Mesopotamia and India. Dilmun was a powerful nation, as large as Babylonia and Assyria combined, and supplying Mesopotamia with copper and the luxuries of the East.

The digging goes on, but Geoffrey Bibby, field director of the expedition for its first 15 years, tells the story of Dilmun's discovery and recreates its life and civilization in **Looking for Dilmun** (Alfred A. Knopf, \$10). This is an absorbing book.

Whether you do your outdoor cooking on a hibachi grill on the terrace or over a campfire in the wilderness, Dan and Inez Morris have practical advice and recipes in **The**

Complete Outdoor Cookbook (Hawthorn, \$7.95). They even tell you how to forage for food and water, what fuels and equipment are best for boat cooking, and how to deal with all kinds of camping emergencies.

Families who like to camp could spend a dollar more foolishly than to buy Elizabeth Williams' **Cookbook for Family Camping** (Golden Press, \$1). This practical paperback contains more than 200 camp-tested recipes, menu plans, equipment and grocery lists, and some experience-seasoned suggestions for hikers' lunches.

It was a district church conclave, and hundreds of women had been gotten out for it in an all-out telephone campaign. When it came time for reports, the general chairman of the telephone committee profusely thanked everybody:

"I want especially to congratulate Circle Six from our local church," she trilled, "for I am delighted to report that they furnished more call girls for the convention than any other circle!"

Runa Erwin Ware tells about it in **All Those in Favor Say Something!** (Hawthorn, \$2.95). This is an affectionate expose of the way women's clubs are run. Mrs. Ware is a fourth-generation native of Atlanta, Ga., whose experience in church, civic, and club affairs has led her to conclude: "A woman's club is a gathering of ladies who get together to do something they already know how to do, but do not have time to do because they have to attend so many women's club meetings."

There is a chuckle on every page.

Listening to a class of kindergartners tell about their weekend activities set their teacher to writing **The Word-Birds of Davy McFifer** (Abingdon, \$3.25).

Barbara Klimowicz's story is about a little boy who talks so much nobody will listen to him. Then his next-door neighbor, a man with the bewitching name of Mr. Dumblebun, explains that words are like birds, several at a time are lovely but too many create havoc.

Susan Perl has made the drawings that accompany this engaging story for the very young.

—Helen Johnson

Fiction



ONE OF THE most popular assumptions regarding novels is that they are a very shallow form of literature, written primarily for people who chew gum and read with their lips moving. There are enough tales of fiction which fit this category to give it credence. So the woman who has nothing to fill her empty days is supposed to reach for another chocolate and fight her boredom with more pages of the latest novel.

In all this we forget or ignore the fact that novelists are sometimes very learned men who are at home in a hundred fields. Their comments often show a keen grasp of the fundamentals of a dozen difficult disciplines. Only the man who is himself well read is able to recognize the swift allusions, to understand the implications.

I was thinking about this as I read MR SAMLER'S PLANET by Saul Bellow (*Viking*, \$6.95). Mr. Bellow is a very intelligent man and, as I read this novel, I was reminded of Aldous Huxley in his early novels. I marveled that one man could be so brilliant and throw out so many references in so many fields of knowledge.

Mr. Samler is a man who has had all kinds of experiences ranging from living in England during the twenties and thirties to surviving a death ditch in Poland during the Nazi insanity. People who know him like to talk with him, and his family has a great respect for the old man and appreciates his culture and wisdom. He hears the sex secrets and indecencies of his niece and has to sympathize with a daughter in her madness. He observes a black pickpocket at work on the bus, and then is confronted by this man with a strange sexual neurosis. He knew H. G. Wells as a younger man, and he reads the book of one Dr. V. Govinda Lal on what we should do with the moon now that we have gone there. One has a feeling that here is a man above the whole crowd on this planet and, having seen it all, nothing can surprise him.

The style is often a "stream of consciousness" narrative so that one never is entirely sure of what is being seen and what is being thought. But it carries the reader along without pain, and reading it is both a literary and intellectual adventure. If you like *Herzog*, you will like *Mr. Samler's Planet*.

Both are men of our time and both reflect the height, the depth, and the breadth of modern culture. Mr. Samler, however, seems to me to be the Wandering Jew who no longer has anyplace to go and is simply looking out upon men and women almost as God must see them. The book is a notable achievement.

In *ROSA*, by Margery Sharp (*Little, Brown*, \$5.95), we have the sharp, satiric understanding character portrayal

we have come to expect from this writer. Rosa is a child of George Ison who was groomsman to Sir Charles Ramillies. George has been shipped off to South America from Yorkshire as a kind of gallant gesture to a friend looking for a groom. He stumbled into being a hero in one of the revolutions and never returns home. Before leaving England George had married Peggy and she becomes Sir Charles' mistress. Rosa's South American mother never did raise a question of marriage with Rosa's father.

Rosa was well brought up. When her father died, she was sent back to England and entrusted to the care of Sir Charles who is now lord of the manor. Eventually, Rosa marries him and becomes Lady Rosa Ramillies. As time goes on she becomes the grand old lady—after a foolish episode with a young man which ends when she is reminded that to marry him means to give up title and status.

Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could this be called a noble or heroic tale, but it is a comedy of manners which is both pleasant and amusing. This is much more in the tradition of the gum chewers than Mr. Bellow's work.

Some time ago I read a novel by Glendon Swarthout called *The Cadillac Cowboys*. It was an amusing story about Arizona, and I remembered the name when BLESS THE BEASTS AND CHILDREN by Glendon Swarthout came to my desk (*Doubleday*, \$5.95). I read it with great pleasure.

It has to do with six boys at a summer camp in northern Arizona. All are the children of too much money, too little parental affection and care, and they meet when they are shipped off to the camp to get them out of the parents' way. They are the washouts of the camp and form a little group called the Bedwetters. The camp organizes around the idea of various groups competing with one another for certain prizes and the Bedwetters are expected to be at the bottom of every achievement test. This is the nondescript group that sets out on a great adventure.

They steal a truck from the camp and make their way to town. They run out of gas, but finally get to the place where buffalo are to be shot by hunters invited to come and enjoy the sport. This is to thin the herd, of course, but the means of the slaughter is so utterly cruel that the Bedwetters are going to set the beasts free and really make an impression on all who have looked down upon them during the summer. Well, they do pretty well although the whole thing ends in a tragedy. But the point of the story, of course, is that these boys sought something which the world of their parents could not give them and which they try to achieve for themselves.

This is a judgment upon culture, or a certain segment of it. It is full of keen understanding and insight and altogether tells us a good deal about life in the United States in the last half of the 20th century. The title, incidentally, has a kind of religious connotation which is quite fitting. O the sadness of our time!

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church



Find the figure 1 in each set of numbers and draw a line to 2 then 3, and so on, until each set is completed. Then you will see what the cowboys were trying to ride.

Johnny and the Rodeo Clown

By LENORE BETKER

"YIPPEE!" shouted Johnny, bouncing out of bed. "Today's the day we're going to the rodeo!" He quickly put on his new cowboy boots, his best blue jeans, and his cowboy hat with the silver buckle on the band.

At breakfast Johnny saw that his father was wearing blue jeans too, and his shiny black boots. "We look like twins," laughed Johnny as they went out the kitchen door to get in the pickup truck. Johnny's mother waved from the porch and called after them, "Be sure to hang on to Dad's hand, John. There'll be a lot of people at the rodeo."

At the fairgrounds they pushed through the crowds, and Johnny's father bought tickets for the afternoon rodeo show. They walked around looking at the livestock for a while, had hot dogs and orange pop for lunch, then found two seats high in the grandstand.

Below them in the rodeo arena the broncs bucked high and the Brahma bulls bucked even higher. As they twisted and sunfished, many of the cowboys flew off their backs. Whenever a cowboy fell off a bull's back, a clown with a floppy red wig ran out to tease the bull. Then the bull would chase the clown so the cowboy had time to get away. When the cowboy was safe, the clown would jump into a barrel and roll away out of danger. It was a wonderful, exciting rodeo.

All too soon it was over and everyone began to leave the grandstand at once. Johnny held his father's hand tightly, but the crowd pushed and shoved and suddenly he lost his grip. From Johnny's eye level the whole world was nothing but legs and feet. As they moved forward, he had to move along with them. It was kind of scary at first, but then Johnny spotted a familiar looking pair of blue jeans and shiny black boots. Now Johnny wasn't afraid anymore—he just followed the blue jeans and the shiny black boots down the stairs and at the bottom he grabbed the hand that was hanging down.

"Well, well," a strange voice said, laughing. "Looks like I've found a boy."

"Oh," said Johnny. "I thought you were my dad. He has blue jeans and shiny black boots just like yours."

The stranger had red hair and a moustache, and didn't look at all like his father.

"Well, I'm sorry," the man said. "I don't have a little boy so I can't very well be your daddy." He just laughed and went away.

Johnny was a little bit afraid again. All the legs were going away now, and none of them had blue jeans and shiny black boots.

He turned and ran back up the steps to the top of the grandstand. No Daddy. He ran down the rows of seats, heart beating so fast that he could hardly breathe. Still no Daddy. He ran back down the grandstand steps.

At the bottom he saw a hot-dog stand and asked the man behind the counter, "Have you seen my daddy? He has blue jeans and shiny black boots."

"No," said the man. "I haven't seen anyone like that."

Just then the rodeo clown came up to buy a hot dog. Teasing all those bulls makes a clown very hungry.

"Mr. Clown," Johnny said. "Have you see my daddy?"

"Most everybody's gone now," said the clown. "How did you lose your daddy?"

"I followed the wrong legs," Johnny explained. He wanted to cry but he didn't want the clown to see him crying. "I ran and ran but I couldn't find him."

"Oh, so that's the trouble," said the clown.

He picked Johnny up and set him on the hot dog stand.

"Let's put you up here where you'll be easy to see," he said. "Now you eat this hot dog and we'll just wait and see what happens. While we're waiting I'll tell you some magic words that might keep you from getting lost again. You must say them over and over:

"'Whenever I'm lost, I stand still as can be. / I won't find Dad, I'll let him find me.'"

"Now you try it. It won't work unless you say it yourself."

So Johnny said, "Whenever I'm lost, I stand still as can be. / I won't find Dad, I'll let him find me."

Before Johnny could finish his hot dog he saw a pair of blue jeans and shiny black boots coming toward him. "There's my daddy!" he told the clown excitedly: "You were right—he did find me!"

"It works every time, every single time," said the clown, straightening his red wig.

Johnny's father lifted him up from the counter and gave him a big hug. "Thank you, Mr. Clown, for finding my boy," he said.

The clown winked at Johnny and Johnny winked back. As they waved good-bye Johnny knew he would always remember the rodeo, the clown, and the magic words he had learned that day. □

My Daddy Loves Me

My Daddy doesn't tell me so,
But he loves me . . . this I know.
He shares my fun; we take a hike;
And do a lot of things I like.
Although he'd rather watch TV,
Sometimes he plays baseball with me.
He never says, "I love you so,"
Like Mom. And yet, he does, I know!

—Doris Watson McWhorter

Jottings

Recently we drove through a green and pleasant land to join several men who once were boys; and we sat around a bonfire beside a Wisconsin lake recalling certain stories we had read a very long time ago.

Our genial host was the son of the writer whose work we had admired as 12 to 15-year-olds back in the 1920s and early 1930s.

Some of us became acquainted with the Jerry Todd stories in the Methodist youth magazines of the day (remember *Haversack* and *Target*?). Later the stories appeared in book form at 50¢ a copy, a price frequently out of reach for many of us.

The author was Edward Edson Lee who usually wrote as "Leo Edwards." He died during World War II, and his books disappeared from print. Few remember them.

But the aging men at the bonfire beside Lake Ripley, Wis., near the small town of Cambridge, remain fans, collectors, and rememberers. Among us are lawyers, teachers, merchants, engineers, and bankers. We were there to recall, among other things, what it was like to be a boy eagerly awaiting next Sunday's church paper in the days before Hitler, television, and affluence came along to change the world of boys as it used to be.

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For those of us beside the bonfire near the lake, the "good old days" were in the '20s and '30s. For the author of *A Source of Joy* [page 44], that time of life goes farther back.

Writes Mrs. Nelle Richards Latimer, 78, of Geneva, Ala.:

"When I began to teach at 14, and arrived in a Florida community to open school . . . I found that goats had been stabled in the schoolhouse all summer."

Her first story, written 63 years after the incident, describes for readers of *Good Old Days*, a New England publication, "the ordeal of cleaning the building, the dear soul who came to my aid, and the inspiration I gained from that association."

Mrs. Latimer, who tells us her *A Source of Joy* was inspired by *TOGETHER*'s cover for April, 1969, took up writing at the age of 77. This is her second sale. And, by the way, she was elected Alabama's Golden Age Queen when she was 72!

The Rev. Samuel G. Beers of Waupun, Wis., author of *John Holt—Fighting Preacher* [page 42], retired from the pastoral ministry last year, and he, too, is approaching the 70s. He tells how he happened to write about the colorful Wisconsin preacher:

"When I came to the Elmwood-Rock Elm circuit (in northwestern Wisconsin) in 1928, I heard many stories about the old fighter-preacher, and I decided to collect material about him.

"I located his granddaughter down in Tennessee, and got pictures, letters, and his obituary. I interviewed about 60 persons who had known him, and got story after story about him. I checked old yearbooks for factual data. John Holt was a truly distinctive personality who had a tremendous effect upon that region."

John Holt, as you will note in reading the article, "had many idiosyncrasies, so many that when I came into the area in 1928, most of the old-timers still remembered him . . . though he had been dead 26 years. I collected their reminiscences and have kept them on file for some 40 years."

United Methodist history owes much to men like Mr. Beers who took the time, with little thought of fame or reward, to capture word portraits of our pioneer preachers. (For every Asbury who

kept a comprehensive *Journal*, there were thousands who left little except worn-out saddlebags and well-thumbed Bibles.)

One example is Parson Thomas, central figure in this month's color section [see *The Islands of Parson Thomas*, pages 30-37]. Many intimate personal details included in this feature would have been lost had it not been for a comprehensive work, *The Parson of the Islands*, compiled 109 years ago by a minister-writer named Adam Wallace. Again, in this case, the author of the book had numerous sources to draw upon—stories handed down, and fragments of biography by contemporaries or men who lived soon after the parson.

It occurs to us that Thomas probably never heard about "pollution" or "ecology." We, on the other hand, have been hearing a great deal about it in recent months. We here at *TOGETHER* are not ignoring the problem; nor are we unaware of its gravity. For months we have been working on what we believe is a fresh approach to the entire subject of air, land, water—and human ecology.

Meanwhile, we would like to hear from any of our readers who are making antipollution efforts, either as individuals or members of church groups.

Among our contributors: Since **Beverly Bush Smith** [see *The Weeds Held a Message*, page 40] tells us she is "wife-and-mother first," we must put her down as a semiprofessional writer.

"The fact remains," she continues, "that I feel completely content only when I have a story 'in the works.'" And judging from the numerous articles she has contributed to national publications, this Malibu, Calif., mother-writer must be a very happy person.

Fact is, Mrs. Smith adds, "I will turn anything into a story—anything from my son's love of snakes, to a near-fatal accident on the freeway, to the tribulations of a creative cook in a meat-and-potatoes family." —Your Editors

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TOGETHER emphasis month



october 1970

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Editors of TOGETHER seek to keep Methodism's family magazine relevant in these trying times. They share your concern about war, violence, lawlessness, obscenities, racism (black and white), decaying social and religious life.

There are no easy answers to these problems we all face. However, TOGETHER does give you and your family a Christian perspective of the headline news events; helps to sustain your faith, hope and trust through inspirational stories and pictures.

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TOGETHER agents, pastors, and church leaders, help members of your church this fall by actively encouraging reading of TOGETHER. To help in your presentations, special materials will be sent to agents/pastors on September 1. Plan now to make these a part of your congregation's autumn program.

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